SELECT
Poems, and translations
by
Hen: Vaughan Silurist
Lumina amo Silvasq; inglorius

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OLOR ISCANUS.

A COLLECTION OF SOME SELECT POEMS, AND TRANSLATIONS,

Formerly written by

Mr. Henry Vaughan *Silurist.*

Publiſhed by a Friend.

Virg. Georg.
Flumina amo, Sylvaſq; Inglorius——

LONDON,
Printed by *T.W.* for *Humphrey Moſeley*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop, at the Signe of the Prince's Arms in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, 1651.

O quis me gelidis in vallibus ISCÆ
sistat, & Ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!

TO

The truly Noble, and most Excellently accomplish'd, the Lord KILDARE DIGBY.

MY LORD,

IT is a Position *anciently* known, and *modern Experience* hath allowed it for a *ſad truth*, that *Abſence* and *time*, (like *Cold weather*, and an *unnaturall dormition*) will *blaſt* and *wear* out of memorie the moſt *Endearing obligations*; And hence it was that ſome

Politicians in *Love* have lookt upon the *former* of theſe *two* as a main remedy againſt the *fondneſs* of that *Paſsion*. But for my own part (my Lord) I ſhall deny this *Aphoriſme* of the *people*, and beg leave to aſſure your *Lordſhip*, that, though theſe *reputed obſtacles* have lain long in my way, yet neither of them could *work* upon me: for I am now (without adulation) as *warm* and *ſenſible* of thoſe *numerous* favours, and *kind Influences* receiv'd ſometimes from your Lordſhip, as I really was at the *Inſtant* of *fruition*. I have no *plott* by *preambling* thus, to ſet any *rate* upon this preſent *addreſſe*, as if I ſhould preſume to value a *Return* of this nature equall with your Lordſhips *Deſerts*, but the

the *deſigne* is, to let you ſee that this *habit* I have got of being *troubleſome* flowes from two *excuſable principles*, Gratitude, and Love. Theſe inward *Counſellours* (I know not how diſcreetly) perſwaded me to this *Attempt* and *Intruſion* upon your *name*, which if your Lordſhip will vouchſafe to own as the *Genius* to theſe *papers*, you will *perfect* my *hopes*, and place me at my full *height*. This was the *Ayme*, my Lord, and is the *End* of this work, which though but a *Pazzarello* to the *voluminosè Infant*, yet as *Jezamin* and the *Violet* find room in the *bank* as well as *Roſes* and *Lillies*, ſo happily may this, and (if *ſhin'd* upon by your *Lordſhip*) pleaſe as much. To whoſe *Protection*, Sacred as your

Name,

Name, and thoſe eminent *Honours* which have alwayes attended upon't through ſo many *generations*, I humbly offer it, and remain in all *numbers* of *gratitude*,

Newton by *Usk* this 17. of *Decemb.* 1647.

My honour'd Lord,

Your moſt affectionate, humbleſt Servant

VAUGHAN.

The

The Publiſher to the Reader.

IT *was the glorious* Maro, *that referr'd his* Legacies *to the* Fire, *and though* Princes *are ſeldome* Executors, *yet there came a* Cæſar *to his* Teſtament, *as if the* Act *of a* Poet *could not be* repeal'd *but by a* King. *I am not Reader* Auguſtus vindex: *Here is no* Royall Reſcue, *but here is a* Muſe *that* deſerves *it. The* Author *had long agoe condemn'd theſe* Poems *to* Obſcuritie, *and the* Conſumption *of that* Further Fate, *which* attends *it. This* Cenſure *gave them a* Guſt *of* Death, *and they have* partly *known that* Oblivion, *which our* Beſt Labours *muſt* come to *at*

Laſt

Laſt. *I preſent thee then not onely with a* Book, *but with a* Prey, *and in this* kind *the firſt* Recoveries *from* Corruption. *Here is a* Flame *hath been ſometimes* extinguiſhed: *Thoughts that have been* loſt *and* forgot, *but now they* break out *again like the* Platonic Reminiſcencie. *I have not the Author's* Approbation *to the* Fact, *but I have* Law *on my* Side, *though never a* Sword: *I hold it no man's* Prærogative *to* fire *his* own Houſe. *Thou ſeeſt how* Saucie *I am* grown, *and if thou doeſt expect I ſhould* Commend *what is* publiſhed, *I muſt tell thee*, I crie no Sivill Oranges. *I will not ſay, Here is* Fine *or* Cheap: *that were an* Injurie *to the* Verſe *it ſelfe, and to the* Effects *it can* produce. *Read on, and thou wilt find thy* Spirit ingag'd: *not by the* Deſerts *of what wee call* Tolerable, *but by the* Commands *of a* Pen, *that is* Above it.

Upon

Vpon the moſt Ingenious *pair* of Twins, *Eugenius Philalethes*, and the *Authour* of theſe *Poems*.

WHat *Planet* rul'd your *birth*? what *wittie ſtar*?
That you ſo like in *Souls* as *Bodies* are!
So like in *both*, that you ſeem *born* to free
The *ſtarrie art* from *vulgar* Calumnie.
My *doubts* are ſolv'd, from hence my *faith* begins,
Not only your *faces*, but your *wits* are *Twins*.

When this bright *Gemini* ſhall from earth aſcend,
They will *new light* to dull-ey'd mankind lend,
Teach the *Star-gazers*, and delight their *Eyes*,
Being fixt a *Conſtellation* in the Skyes.

T. Powell Oxonienſis.

To my friend the Authour upon theſe his *Poems*.

I Call'd it once my *ſloth*: In ſuch an age
So many *Volumes deep*, I not a *page*?
But I recant, and vow 'twas thriftie Care
That kept my *Pen* from ſpending on *ſlight ware*,
And breath'd it for a *Prize*, whoſe pow'rfull *ſhine*
Doth both *reward* the ſtriver, and *refine*;
Such are thy *Poems*, friend: for ſince th'haſt writ,
I cann't reply to any *name*, but *wit*;
And left amidſt the *throng* that make us *grone*,
Mine prove a groundleſs *Hereſie* alone,
Thus I diſpute. Hath there not rev'rence bin
Pay'd to the *Beard* at doore, for *Lord* within?
Who notes the *ſpindle-leg*, or *hollow eye*
Of the *thinne Uſher*, the *faire Lady* by?
Thus I *ſinne* freely, *neighbour* to a *hand*
Which while I aime to *ſtrengthen*, gives *Command*
For my *protection*, and thou art to me
At once my *Subject* and *Securitie*.

I. Rowlandſon Oxonienſis.

Vpon the following *Poems.*

I Write not here, as if thy *laſt* in ſtore (*more*;
Of learned *friends*, 'tis known that thou haſt
Who, were they told of this, would find a way
To riſe a guard of *Poets* without *pay*,
And bring as many *hands* to thy *Edition*,
As th'*City* ſhould unto their *May'rs* Petition,
But thou wouldſt none of this, leſt it ſhould be
Thy *Muſter* rather, than our *Courteſie*,
Thou wouldſt not beg as *Knights* do, and appeare
Poet by *Voice*, and *ſuffrage* of the *Shire*,
That were enough to make my *Muſe* advance
Amongſt the *Crutches*, nay it might enhance
Our *Charity*, and we ſhould think it fit
The *State* ſhould build an *Hoſpital* for wit.
But here needs no *reliefe*: Thy richer *Verſe*
Creates all *Poets*, that can but *reherſe*,
And they, like *Tenants* better'd by their *land*,
Should pay thee *Rent* for what they underſtand,

Th...

Thou art not of that *lamentable Nation*,
Who make a bleſſed *Alms* of *approbation*,
Whoſe *fardel-notes* are *Briefes* in ev'ry thing,
But, that they are not licens'd *By the King*.
Without ſuch *ſcrape-requeſts* thou doſt come forth
Arm'd (though I ſpeak it) with thy *proper worth*,
And needeſt not this *noiſe* of friends, for wee
Write out of *love*, not thy *neceſſitie*;
And though this *ſullen age* poſſeſſed be
With ſome ſtrange *Deſamour* to Poetrie,
Yet I ſuſpect (thy fancy ſo delights)
The *Puritans* will turn thy *Proſelytes*,
And that thy *flame* when once abroad it *ſhines*,
Will bring thee as many *friends*, as thou haſt *lines*.

EUGENIUS PHILALETHES
Oxonienſis.

To

Olor Iſcanus.

To the River *Iſca.*

WHen *Daphne's* Lover here firſt wore the *Bayes*;
Eurotas ſecret ſtreams heard all his *Layes*.
And holy *Orpheus*, Natures *buſie* Child
By headlong *Hebrus* his deep *Hymns* Com-
Soft *Petrarch* (thaw'd by *Laura's* flames) did weep (pil'd.
On *Tybers* banks, when ſhe *(prou'd fair!)* cou'd ſleep;
Moſella boaſts *Auſonius*, and the *Thames*
Doth murmure *SIDNEYS Stella* to her *ſtreams*,
While *Severn* ſworn with *Joy* and *ſorrow*, wears
Caſtara's ſmiles mixt with fair *Sabrin's* tears.
Thus *Poets* (like the *Nymphs*, their *pleaſing themes*)
Haunted the *bubling Springs* and *gliding ſtreams*,
And *happy banks*! whence ſuch *fair flowres* have ſprung,
But happier thoſe where they have *ſate* and *ſung*!
Poets (like *Angels*) where they once appear
Hallow the *place*, and each ſucceeding year
Adds *rev'rence* to't, ſuch as at length doth give
This aged faith, *That there their Genii live.*
Hence th'*Auncients* ſay, That, from this *ſickly aire*
They paſſe to *Regions* more *refin'd* and *faire*,
To *Meadows* ſtrow'd with *Lillies* and the *Roſe*,
And *ſhades* whoſe *youthfull green* no *old age* knowes;
Where all in *white* they walk, diſcourſe, and Sing
Like Bees *ſoft murmurs*, or a *Chiding Spring*.
But *Iſca*, whenſoe'r thoſe *ſhades* I ſee,
And thy *lov'd Arbours* muſt no more *know* me,
When I am layd to *reſt* hard by thy *ſtreams*,
And my *Sun ſets*, where firſt it *ſprang* in beams,

I'le leave behind me ſuch a *large*, *kind light*,
As ſhall *redeem* thee from *oblivious night*,
And in theſe *vowes* which (living yet) I pay
Shed ſuch a *Previous* and *Enduring Ray*,
As ſhall from age to age thy *fair name* lead
Till *Rivers* leave to *run*, and *men* to *read*.
First, may all *Bards* born after me
(When I am *aſhes*) ſing of thee!
May thy *green banks* and *ſtreams* (or none)
Be both their *Hill* and *Helicon*;
May *Vocall Groves* grow there, and all
The *ſhades* in them *Propheticall*,
Where (laid) men ſhall more *faire truths* ſee
Than *fictions* were of *Theſſalie*.
May thy gentle *Swains* (like *flowres*)
Sweetly ſpend their *Youthfull houres*,
And thy *beauteous Nymphs* (like *Doves*)
Be *kind* and *faithfull* to their *Loves*;
Garlands, and *Songs*, and *Roundelayes*,
Mild, dewie *nights*, and Sun-ſhine *dayes*,
The *Turtles voyce*, *Joy* without *fear*,
Dwell on thy *boſome* all the year!
May the *Evet* and the *Tode*
Within thy Banks have no abode,
Nor the *wilie*, *winding Snake*
Her *voyage* through thy *waters* make.
In all thy *Journey* to the *Main*
No *nitrous Clay*, nor *Brimſtone-vein*
Mixe with thy *ſtreams*, but may they paſſe
Freſh as the *aire*, and cleer as *Glaſſe*,
And where the *wandring Chryſtal* treads
Roſes ſhall *kiſſe*, and *couple* heads.
The *factour-wind* from far ſhall bring
The *Odours* of the *Scatter'd* Spring,
And *loaden* with the rich *Arveare*,
Spend it in *Spicie whiſpers* there.
No *ſullen heats*, nor *flames* that are
Offenſive, and *Canicular*,

Shine

Shine on thy *Sands*, nor *pry* to see
Thy *Scalie*, *shading familie*,
But *Noones* as mild as *Hesper's* rayes,
Or the first *blushes* of fair dayes.
What *gifts* more *Heav'n* or *Earth* can adde
With all those *blessings* be thou *clad*!
Honour, *Beautie*,
Faith and *Dutie*,
Delight and *Truth*,
With *Love*, and *Youth*
Crown all about thee! And what ever *Fate*
Impose else-where, whether the graver state,
Or some toy else, may those *lowd*, *anxious Cares*
For *dead* and *dying things* (the Common *wares*
And *showes* of time) ne'r break thy *Peace*, nor make
Thy *repos'd Armes* to a new warre *awake*!
But *Freedome*, *safety*, *Joy* and *blisse*
united in one loving *kisse*
Surround thee quite, and *stile* thy borders
The Land redeem'd from all disorders!

The Charnel-house.

BLesse me! what damps are here? how stiffe an aire?
Kelder of mists, a second *Fiats* care,
Frontspeece o'th' grave and darknes, a Display
Of ruin'd man, and the disease of day;
Leane, bloudless shamble, where I can descrie
Fragments of men, Rags of Anatomie;
Corruptions ward-robe, the transplantive bed
Of mankind, and th'Exchequer of the dead.
How thou arrests my sense? how with the sight
My *winter'd* bloud growes stiffe to all delight?
Torpedo to the Eye! whose least glance can
Freeze our wild lusts, and rescue head-long man;
Eloquent silence! able to Immure
An *Atheists* thoughts, and blast an *Epicure*.

Were I a *Lucian*, Nature in this dresse
Would make me wish a Saviour, and Confesse.
Where are you shoreless thoughts, vast tenter'd hope,
Ambitious dreams, *Aymes* of an Endless scope,
Whose stretch'd Excesse runs on a string too high
And on the rack of self-extension dye?
Chameleons of state, Aire-monging band,
Whose breath (like Gun-powder) blowes up a land,
Come see your dissolution, and weigh
What a loath'd nothing you shall be one day,
As th' Elements by Circulation passe
From one to th'other, and that which first was
Is so again, so 'tis with you; The grave
And Nature but Complott, what the one gave,
The other takes; Think then, that in this bed
There sleep the Reliques of as proud a head
As stern and subtill as your own, that hath
Perform'd, or forc'd as much, whose tempest-wrath
Hath levell'd Kings with slaves, and wisely then
Calme these high furies, and descend to men;
Thus *Cyrus* tam'd the *Macedon*, a tombe
Checkt him, who thought the world too straight a Room.
Have I obey'd the *Powers* of face,
A beauty able to undoe the Race
Of easie man? I look but here, and strait
I am Inform'd, the lovely Counterfeit
Was but a smoother Clay. That famish'd slave
Begger'd by wealth, who starves that he may save,
Brings hither but his sheet; Nay, th'*Ostrich-man*
That feeds on *steele* and *bullet*, he that can
Outsweat his *Lordship*, and reply as tough
To a kind word, as if his tongue were *Buffe*,
Is *Chap*-falne here, wormes without wit, or fear
Defie him now, death hath disarm'd the *Bear*.
Thus could I run o'r all the pitteous score
Of erring men, and having done meet more,
Their shuffled *wills*, abortive, vain *Intents*,
Phantastick *humours*, perillous *Assents*,

False

Falſe, empty *honours*, traiterous *delights*,
And whatſoe'r a blind Conceit Invites;
But theſe and more which the weak vermins ſwell,
Are Couch'd in this Accumulative Cell
Which I could ſcatter; But the grudging Sun
Calls home his beams, and warns me to be gone,
Day leaves me in a double night, and I
Muſt bid farewell to my ſad library.
Yet with theſe notes. Henceforth with thought of thee
I'le ſeaſon all ſucceeding Jollitie,
Yet damn not mirth, nor think too much is fit,
Exceſſe hath no *Religion*, nor *wit*,
But ſhould wild bloud ſwell to a lawleſs ſtrain
On Check from thee ſhall *Channel* it again.

In Amicum fœneratorem.

THanks mighty *Silver*! I rejoyce to ſee
How I have ſpoyl'd his thrift, by ſpending thee.
Now thou art gone, he courts my wants with more,
His *Decoy* gold, and bribes me to reſtore.
As leſſer lode-ſtones with the *North* conſent
Naturally moving to their Element,
As bodyes ſwarm to th' Center, and that fire
Man ſtole from heaven, to heav'n doth ſtill aſpire,
So this vaſt crying ſumme drawes in a leſſe,
And hence this bag more Northward layd I gueſſe,
For 'tis of *Pole-ſtar* force, and in this ſphere
Though th'leaſt of many rules the maſter-bear.
Prerogative of debts! how he doth dreſſe
His meſſages in *Chink*? not an Expreſſe
Without a fee for reading, and 'tis fit,
For gold's the beſt reſtorative of wit,
O how he gilds them o'r! with what delight
I read thoſe lines, where Angels doe Indite

But wilt have money *Og*? muſt I diſpurſe?
Will nothing ſerve thee but a *Poets* curſe?
Wilt rob an Altar thou? and ſweep at once
What *Orpheus*-like I torc'd from ſtocks and ſtones?
'I will never ſwell thy *Bag*, nor ring one peale
In thy dark *Cheſt*. Talk not of *Sheeves*, or gaole,
I fear them not. I have no land to glutt
Thy durty appetite, and make thee ſtrutt
Nimrod of acres; I'le no Speech prepare
To court the *Hopefull Cormorant*, thine heire.
Yet there's a Kingdome, at thy beck, if thou
But kick this droſſe, *Parnaſſus* flowrie brow
I'le give thee with my *Tempe*, and to boot
That horſe which ſtruck a fountain with his foot.
A Bed of Roſes I'le provide for thee,
And Chryſtal Springs ſhall drop thee melodie;
The breathing ſhades wee'l haunt, where ev'ry leafe
Shall *whiſper* us aſleep, though thou art deafe;
Thoſe waggiſh *Nymphs* too which none ever yet
Durſt make love to, wee'l teach thee Loving fit,
Wee'l ſuck the *Corall* of their lips, and feed
Upon their ſpicie breath, a meale at need,
Rove in their *Amber-treſſes*, and unfold
That gliſt'ring grove, the Curled wood of gold,
Then peep for babies, a new Puppet-play,
And riddle what their *prattling Eyes* would ſay.
But here thou muſt remember to diſpurſe,
For without money all this is a Curſe,
Thou muſt for more bags call, and ſo reſtore
This Iron-age to gold, as once before;
This thou muſt doe, and yet this is not all,
For thus the Poet would be ſtill in thrall,
Thou muſt then (if live thus) my neaſt of honey,
Cancell old bonds, and beg to lend more money.

To

To his friend——.

De Inopiâ Poetarum

I Wonder, *James*, through the whole Historie
Of ages, such *Entailes* of povertie
Are layd on Poets; Lawyers (they say) have found
A trick to cut them, would they were but bound
To practise on us, though for this thing wee
Should pay (if possible) their bribes and fee.
Search (as thou canst) the old and moderne store
Of *Rome* and ours, in all the wittie score
Thou shalt not find a rich one; Take each Clime
And run o'r all the pilgrimage of time
Thou'lt meet them poor, and ev'ry where descrie
A thredbare, goldless genealogie.
Nature (it seems) when she meant us for Earth
Spent so much of her treasure in the birth
As ever after niggards her, and Shee,
Thus stor'd within, beggers us outwardly.
Wofull profusion! at how dear a rate
Are wee made up? all hope of thrift and state
Lost for a verse; When I by thoughts look back
Into the wombe of time, and see the Rack
Stand useless there, untill we are produc'd
Unto the torture, and our soules infus'd
To learn afflictions, I begin to doubt
That as some tyrants use from their chain'd rout
Of slaves to pick out one whom for their sport
They keep afflicted by some lingring art,
So wee are meerly thrown upon the stage
The mirth of fooles, and Legend of the age.
When I see in the ruines of a sute
Some nobler brest, and his tongue sadly mute
Feed on the *Vocall silence* of his Eye,
And knowing cannot reach the remedie,
When soules of baser stamp shine in their store,
And he of all the throng is only poore,

When *French* apes for forraign fashions pay,
And *English* legs are dreſt th'outlandiſh way,
So fine too, that they their own ſhadows wooe,
While he walks in the *ſad* and *Pilgrim-ſhooe*,
I'm mad at Fate, and angry ev'n to ſinne,
To ſee deſerts and learning clad ſo thinne:
To think how th'earthly Uſurer can brood
Upon his bags, and weigh the pretious food
With palſied hands, as if his ſoul did feare
The Scales could rob him of what he layd there;
Like Divels that on hid Treaſures ſit, or thoſe
Whoſe jealous Eyes truſt not beyond their noſe
They guard the durt, and the bright Idol hold
Cloſe, and Commit adultery with gold.
A Curſe upon their droſſe! how have we ſued
For a few ſcatter'd *Chips?* how oft purſu'd
Petitions with a bluſh, in hope to ſqueeze
For their ſouls health, more than our wants a peece?
Their ſteel-rib'd Cheſts and Purſe (ruſt eat them both!)
Have coſt us with much paper many an oath,
And Proteſtations of ſuch ſolemn ſenſe,
As if our ſoules were ſureties for the Pence.
Should we a full nights learned cares preſent,
They'l ſcarce return us one ſhort houres Content,
'Las! they're but quibbles, things we Poets feign,
The ſhort-liv'd Squibs and Crackers of the brain.
But wee'l be wiſer, knowing 'tis not they
That muſt redeem the hardſhip of our way,
Whether a Higher Power, or that ſtarre
Which neereſt heav'n, is from the earth moſt far
Oppreſſe us thus, or angel'd from that Sphere
By our ſtrict Guardians are kept luckleſs here,
It matters not, wee ſhall one day obtain
Our native and Celeſtiall ſcope again.

To his retired friend, an Invitation to *Brecknock.*

SInce laſt wee met, thou and thy horſe (my dear,)
Have not ſo much as drunk, or litter'd here,
I wonder, though thy ſelf be thus deceaſt,
Thou haſt the ſpite to Coffin up thy beaſt;
Or is the *Palfrey* ſick, and his rough hide
With the penance of *One Spur* mortifide?
Or taught by thee (like *Pythagoras's Oxe*)
Is then his maſter grown more *Orthodox*?
What ever 'tis, a ſober cauſe't muſt be
That thus long bars us of thy Companie.
The Town believes thee loſt, and didſt thou ſee
But half her ſuffrings, now diſtreſt for thee,
Thou'ldſt ſwear (like *Rome*) her foule, polluted walls
Were ſackt by *Brennus*, and the ſalvage *Gaules.*
Abominable face of things! here's noiſe
Of bang'd Mortars, blew Aprons, and Boyes,
Pigs, Dogs, and Drums, with the hoarſe helliſh notes
Of politickly-deafe Uſurers throats,
With new fine *worſhips*, and the old caſt *teame*
Of Juſtices vext with the *cough*, and *flegme.*
Midſt theſe the *Croſſe* looks ſad, and in the *Shire-Hall furs* of an old *Saxon Fox* appear,
With brotherly Ruffs and Beards, and a ſtrange ſight
Of high Monumentall Hats t'ane at the ſight
Of *Eighty eight*; while ev'ry *Burgeſſe* foots
The mortall *Pavement* in eternall boots.
Hadſt thou been bate'lour, I had ſoon divin'd
Thy Cloſe retirements, and Monaſtick mind,
Perhaps ſome Nymph had been to viſit, or
The beauteous Churle was to be waited for,
And like the *Greek*, e'r you the ſport would miſſe
You ſtai'd, and ſtroak'd the *Diſtaffe* for a kiſſe.

Here

But in this age, when thy coole, ſettled bloud
Is ty'd t'one fleſh, and thou almoſt grown good,
I know not how to reach the ſtrange device,
Except (*Domitian* like) thou murther'ſt flyes;
Or is't thy pietie? for who can tell
But thou may'ſt prove devout, and love a Cell,
And (like a Badger) with attentive looks
In the dark hole ſit rooting up of books.
Quick Hermit! what a peacefull Change hadſt thou
Without the noiſe of *haire-cloth*, *whip*, or *Vow*?
But is there no redemption? muſt there be
No other penance but of liberty?
Why two months hence, if thou continue thus
Thy memory will ſcarce remain with us,
The Drawers have forgot thee, and exclaim
They have not ſeen thee here ſince *Charles* his raign,
Or if they mention thee, like ſome old man,
That at each word inſerts — Sir, *as I can*
Remember — So the *Cyph'rers* puzzle mee
With a dark, cloudie character of thee.
That (certs!) I fear thou wilt be loſt, and wee
Muſt ask the *Fathers* e'r 't be long for thee.
Come! leave this ſullen ſtate, and let not Wine
And precious Witt lye dead for want of thine,
Shall the dull *Market-land-lord* with his *Rout*
Of ſneaking Tenants durtily ſwill out
This harmleſſe liquor? ſhall they knock and beat
For Sack, only to talk of *Rye*, and *wheat*?
O let not ſuch prepoſt'rous tipling be
In our *Metropolis*, may I ne'r ſee
Such *Tavern-ſacrilege*, nor lend a line
To weep the *Rapes* and *Tragedy* of wine!
Here lives that *Chimick*, quick fire which betrayes
Freſh Spirits to the bloud, and warms our layes,
I have reſerv'd 'gainſt thy approach a Cup
That were thy Muſe ſtark dead, ſhall raiſe her up,
And teach her yet more Charming words and skill
Than ever *Cœlia*, *Chloris*, *Aſtrophil*,

Or any of the Thredbare names Inspir'd
Poore riming lovers with a *Mistris* fir'd.
Come then! and while the slow Isicle hangs
At the stiffe thatch, and Winters frosty pangs
Benumme the year, blith (as of old) let us
'Midst noise and War, of Peace, and mirth discusse.
This portion thou wert born for: why should wee
Vex at the times ridiculous miserie?
An age that thus hath fool'd it selfe, and will
(Spite of thy teeth and mine) persist so still.
Let's sit then at this *five*, and while wee steal
A Revell in the Town, let others seal,
Purchase or Cheat, and who can, let them pay,
Till those black deeds bring on the dark some day;
Innocent spenders wee! a better use
Shall wear out our short Lease, and leave th'obtuse
Rout to their *husks*; They and their bags at best
Have cares in *earnest*, wee care for a *Jest*.

Monsieur Gombauld.

I'Ave read thy Souls fair night-peece, and have seen
Th'*Amours* and Courtship of the *silent Queen*,
Her stoln descents to Earth, and what did move her
To Juggle first with *Heav'n*, then with a *Lover*,
With *Latmos* lowder rescue, and (alas!)
To find her out a *Hue and Crie* in Brasse,
Thy Journall of deep Mysteries, and sad
Nocturnall Pilgrimage, with thy dreams clad
In fancies darker than thy *Cave*, Thy *Glasse*
Of sleepie draughts, and as thy soul did passe
In her calm voyage what discourse she heard
Of Spirits, what dark Groves and ill-shap'd guard
Ismena lead thee through, with thy proud flight
O'r *Periardes*, and deep, musing night

Nere

Neere fair *Eurotas* banks, what solemn *green*
The neighbour shades weare, and what forms are seen
In their large Bowers, with that sad path and seat
Which none but light-heeld *Nymphs* and *Fairies* beat;
Their solitary life, and how exempt
From Common frailtie, the severe contempt
They have of Man, their priviledge to live
A *Tree*, or *Fountain*, and in that *Reprieve*
What ages they consume, with the sad *Vale*
Of *Diophania*, and the mournfull tale,
Or th' bleeding vocall *Myrtle*; These and more
Thy richer thoughts we are upon the score
To thy rare fancy for, nor doest thou fall
From thy first Majesty, or ought at all
Betray Consumption, thy full vigorous *Bayes*
Wear the same *green*, and scorn the lene decayes
Of *time*, or *matter*; Just so have I known
Some *Chrystal* spring, that from the neighbour down
Deriv'd her birth, in gentle murmurs steal
To their next Vale, and proudly there reveal
Her streams in lowder accents, adding still
More noise and waters to her Channell, till
At last swoln with Increase she glides along
The Lawnes and Meadows in a wanton throng
Of frothy billows, and in one great name
Swallows the tributary brooks drown'd fame.
Nor are they meere Inventions, for we
In th' same peece find scatter'd *Philosophie*
And hidden, dispersst truths that folded lye
In the dark shades of deep *Allegorie*,
So neatly weav'd, like *Arras*, they deserie
Fables with *Truth*, *Fancy* with *Historie*.
So that thou hast in this thy curious mould
Cast that commended mixture wish'd of old,
Which shall these Contemplations render far
Lesse mutable, and lasting as their star,
And while there is a *People*, or a *Sunne*,
Endymions storie with the *Moon* shall runne,

An Elegie on the death of Mr. *R.W.* slain in the late unfortunate differences at *Routon* Heath, neer *Chester*, 1645.

I Am Confirm'd, and so much wing is given
To my wild thoughts, that they dare strike at heav'n.
A full years griefe I struggled with, and stood
Still on my sandy hopes uncertain good,
So loth was I to yeeld, to all those fears
I still oppos'd thee, and denyed my tears.
But thou art gone! and the untimely losse
Like that one day, hath made all others Crosse.
Have you seen on some Rivers flowrie brow
A well-built *Elme* or stately *Cedar* grow,
Whose Curled tops gilt with the Morning-ray
Becken'd the Sun, and whispered to the day,
When unexpected from the angry *North*
A fatall sullen whirle-wind sallies forth,
And with a full-mouth'd blast rends from the ground
The *Shady twins*, which rushing scatter round
Their sighing leaves, whilst overborn with strength,
Their trembling heads bow to a prostrate length;
So forc'd fell he; So Immaturely Death
Stifled his able heart and active breath.
The world scarce knew him yet, his early Soule
Had but new-broke her day, and rather stole
A sight, than gave one; as if subtly she
Would learn our stock, but hide his treasurie.
His years (should time lay both his *wings* and *glasse*
Unto his charge) could not be summ'd (alas!)
To a full *score*; Though in so short a span
His riper thoughts had purchas'd more of man
Than all those worthless livers, which yet quick,
Have quite ourgone their own *Arithmetick*.
He seiz'd perfections, and without a dull
And mossie *gray* poßeß'd a solid skull,

No

No Crooked knowledge neither, nor did he
Wear the friends name for Ends and policie,
And then lay'd by; As those *lost Youths* of th'stage
Who only flourish'd for the *Play's* short age
And then retir'd, like *Jewels* in each part
He wore his friends, but chiefly at his heart.
Nor was it only in this he did excell,
His equall valour could as much, as well.
He knew no *fear* but of his *God*; yet durst
No injurie, nor (as some have) e'r pur'st
The sweat and tears of others, yet would be
More forward in a royall gallantrie
Than all those vast pretenders, which of late
Swell'd in the ruines of their King and State.
He weav'd not *Self-ends*, and the *Publick* good
Into one piece, nor with the peoples bloud
Fill'd his own veins; In all the doubtfull way
Conscience and *Honour* rul'd him. O that day
When like the *Fathers* in the *Fire* and *cloud*
I mist thy face! I might in ev'ry *Crowd*
See Armes like thine, and men advance, but none
So neer to lightning mov'd, nor so fell on.
Have you observ'd how soon the nimble *Eye*
Brings th' *Object* to *Conceit*, and doth so vie
Performance with the *Soul*, that you would swear
The *Act* and *apprehension* both lodg'd there,
Just so mov'd he: like *shott* his active hand
Drew bloud, e'r well the foe could understand.
But here I lost him. Whether the last turn
Of thy few sands call'd on thy hastie urn,
Or some fierce rapid fate (hid from the Eye)
Hath hurl'd thee Pris'ner to some distant skye
I cannot tell, but that I doe believe
Thy Courage such as scorn'd a base Reprieve.
What ever 'twas, whether that day thy breath
Suffer'd a *Civill* or the *Common* death,
Which I doe most suspect, and that I have
Fail'd in the *glories* of so known a grave,

Though

Though thy lov'd ashes misse me, and mine Eyes
Had no acquaintance with thy Exequies,
Nor at the last farewell, torn from thy sight
On the *cold sheet* have fix'd a *sad delight*,
Yet what e'r pious hand (in stead of mine)
Hath done this office to that dust of thine,
And till thou rise again from thy low bed
Lent a Cheap pillow to thy quiet head,
Though but a private *tuffe*, it can do more
To keep thy name and memory in store
Than all those *Lordly fooles* which lock their bones
In the dumb piles of Chested brasse, and stones.
Th'art rich in thy own fame, and needest not
These *Marble-faulties*, nor the *gilded blot*
Of posthume honours; There is not one sand
Sleeps o'r thy grave, but can outbid that hand
And pencill too, so that of force wee must
Confesse their *heaps* shew lesser than thy *dust*.
And (blessed soule!) though this my sorrow can
Adde nought to thy perfections, yet as man
Subject to Envy, and the common fate
It may redeem thee to a fairer date;
As some blind Dial, when the day is done,
Can tell us at mid-night, *There was a Sun*,
So these perhaps, though much beneath thy fame,
May keep some weak remembrance of thy name,
And to the faith of better times Commend
Thy loyall upright life, and gallant End.

Nomen & arma locum servant, te, amice, nequivi
Conspicere, ——

Upon

Upon a Cloke lent him by Mr. *F. Ridſley.*

HEre, take again thy *Sack-cloth*! and thank heav'n
Thy Courtſhip hath not kill'd me; Is't not Even
Whether wee dye by peecemeale, or at once
Since both but ruine, why then for the nonce
Didſt husband my afflictions, and caſt o're
Me this forc'd *Hurdle* to inflame the ſcore?
Had I neer *London* in this *Rug* been ſeen
Without doubt I had executed been
For ſome bold *Iriſh* ſpy, and croſſe a ſledge
Had layn meſs'd up for their *foure gates* and *bridge*.
When firſt I bore it, my oppreſſed feet
Would needs perſwade me, 'twas ſome *Leaden ſheet*;
Such deep Impreſſions, and ſuch dangerous holes
Were made, that I began to doubt my ſoals,
And ev'ry ſtep (ſo neer neceſsity)
Devoutly wiſh'd ſome honeſt Cobler by,
Beſides it was ſo ſhort, the *Jewiſh* rag
Seem'd Circumcis'd, but had a *Gentile* ſhag.
Hadſt thou been with me on that day, when wee
Left craggie *Biſton*, and the fatall *Dee*,
When beaten with freſh ſtorms, and late miſhap
It ſhar'd the office of a *Cloke*, and *Cap*,
To ſee how 'bout my clouded head it ſtood
Like a thick *Turband*, or ſome Lawyers *Hood*,
While the ſtiffe, hollow pletes on ev'ry ſide
Like *Conduit-pipes* rain'd from the *Bearded hide*,
I know thou wouldſt in ſpite of that day's fate
Let looſe thy mirth at my new ſhape and ſtate,
And with a ſhallow ſmile or two profeſſe
Some *Sarazin* had loſt the *Clowted Dreſſe*.
Didſt ever ſee the *good wife* (as they ſay)
March in her ſhort cloke on the *Chriſtning* day,

With

With what soft motions she salutes the Church,
And leaves the Bedrid Mother in the lurch;
Just so Jogg'd I, while my dull horse did trudge
Like a Circuit-beast plagu'd with a goutie Judge.
But this was Civill. I have since known mo e
And worser pranks: One night (as heretofore
Th' hast known) for want of change (a thing which I
And *Bias* us'd before me) I did lye
Pure *Adamite*, and simply for that end
Resolv'd, and made this for my bosome-*friend*.
O that thou hadst been there next morn, that I
Might teach thee new *Micro-cosmographie*!
Thou wouldst have ta'ne me, as I naked stood,
For one of th' *seven pillars* before the floud,
Such *Characters* and *Hieroglyphicks* were
In one night worn, that thou mightst justly swear
I'd slept in *Cere-cloth*, or at *Bedlam* where
The mad men lodge in straw, I'le not forbear
To tell thee all, his wild *Impress* and *tricks*
Like *Speeds* old *Britans* made me look, or *Picts*;
His villanous, biting, *Wire-embraces*
Had seal'd in me more strange formes and faces
Than *Children* see in dreams, or thou hast read
In *Arras*, *Puppet-playes*, and *Ginger-bread*,
With *angled Schemes*, and *Crosses* that bred fear
Of being handled by some *Conjurer*,
And neerer thou wouldst think (such *strokes* were drawn)
I'd been some rough statue of *Fetter-lane*,
Nay, I believe, had I that instant been
By *Surgeons* or *Apothecaries* seen,
They had Condemned my raz'd skin to be
Some walking *Herball*, or *Anatomie*.
But (thanks to th'day!) 'tis off. I'd now advise
Thee friend to put this peece to Merchandize;
The *Pedlars* of our age have business yet,
And gladly would against the *Fayr-day* sit
Themselves with such a *Roose*, that can secure
Their *Wares* from *Dogs and Cats* rain'd in showre,

It ſhall performe; or if this will not doe
'Twill take the *Ale-wives* ſure; 'Twill make them *two*
Fine Roomes of *One*, and ſpread upon a ſtick
Is a partition without Lime or Brick.
Horn'd obſtinacie! how my heart doth fret
To think what *Mouthes* and *Elbowes* it would ſet
In a wet day? have you for two pence e're
Seen King *Harryes* Chappell at *Weſtminſter*,
Where in their duſtie gowns of *Braſſe* and *Stone*
The Judges lye, and markt you how each one
In ſturdie Marble-plets about the knee
Bears up to ſhew his legs and ſymmetrie?
Juſt ſo would this; That I think't weav'd upon
Some ſtiffneckt *Browniſts* exerciſing loome.
O that thou hadſt it when this Jugling fate
Of Souldierie firſt ſeiz'd me! at what rate
Would I have bought it then, what was there but
I would have giv'n for the *Compendious hatt?*
I doe not doubt but (if the weight could pleaſe,)
'Twould guard me better than a *Lapland-leaſe*,
Or a *German* ſhirt with Inchanted lint
Stuff'd through, and th'devils *beard* and *face* weav'd in't.
But I have done. And think not, friend, that I
This freedome took to Jeere thy Courteſie,
I thank thee for't, and I believe my Muſe
So known to thee, thou'lt not ſuſpect abuſe;
She did this, 'cauſe (perhaps) thy *love* paid thus
Might with my *thanks* out-live thy *Cloke*, and *Us*.

Upon Mr. *Fletcher's* Playes, publiſhed, 1647.

I Knew thee not, nor durſt *attendance* ſtrive
Labell to *wit*, *Verſer remonſtrative*,
And in ſome *Suburb-page* (ſcandal to thine)
Like *Leet* before a *Chriſtmaſſe* ſcatter mine.

This

This speaks thee not, since at the utmost rate
Such *remnants* from thy *peece* Intreat their date;
Nor can I *dub* the *Coppy*, or afford
Titles to *swell* the *reare* of *Verse* with Lord,
Nor politickly big to *Inch* low fame
Stretch in the *glories* of a strangers name,
And Clip those *Bayes* I Court, weak *strives* I,
But a faint *Echo* unto *Poetrie*.
I have not *Clothes* t'adopt me, nor must sit
For *Plush* and *Velvets* sake *Esquire* of wit,
Yet *Modestie* these *crosses* would improve,
And *Rags* neer thee, some *Reverence* may move.
I did believe (great *Beaumont* being dead,)
Thy *widow'd Muse* slept on his *flowrie bed*;
But I am *richly* Cosen'd, and can see
Wit *transmigrates*, his *Spirit* stayd with thee,
Which *doubly* advantag'd by thy *single* pen
In *life* and *death* now treads the *Stage* agen;
And thus are wee freed from that *dearth* of wit
Which *starv'd* the Land since into *Sebismes* split,
Wherein th'hast done so much, wee must needs guesse
Wits last *Edition* is now i'th' *Presse*,
For thou hast *drain'd* Invention, and he
That writes hereafter, doth but *pillage* thee,
But thou hast *plotts*; and will not the *Kirk* strain
At the *Designe* of such a *Tragick brain*?
Will they themselves think safe, when they shall see
Thy most *abominable policie*?
Will not the *Eares* assemble, and think't fit
Their *Synod fast*, and *pray*, against thy wit?
But they'le not *tyre* in such an *idle Quest*,
Thou doest but *kill*, and *Circumvent* in *Jest*,
And when thy anger'd Muse *swells* to a blow
'Tis but for *Field's*, or *Swanstead's* overthrow.
Yet shall these *Conquests* of thy *Bayes* outlive
Their *Scotish zeale*, and *Compacts* made to grieve
The *Peace* of *Spirits*, and when such deeds fayle
Of their foule Ends, a *faire name* is thy *Bayle*.

But (happy thou !) ne'r ſaw'ſt theſe *ſtormes*, our *aire*
Teem'd with even in thy time, though *ſeeming faire* ;
Thy gentle *Soule* meant for the *ſhade*, and *eaſe*
Withdrew betimes into the *Land* of *Peace* ;
So *neaſted* in ſome Hoſpitable ſhore
The *Hermit-angler*, when the *mid-Seas* roare
Packs up his *lines*, and (ere the tempeſt *raves*,
Retyres, and leaves his *ſtation* to the *waves*.
Thus thou dieaſt almoſt with our *peace*, and wee
This *breathing time* thy laſt fair *Iſſue* ſee,
Which I think ſuch (if *needleſs Ink* not ſoyle
So *choice a Muſe*,) others are but thy *foile* ;
This, or that *age* may write, but never ſee
A *wit* that dares run *Paralell* with thee.
True, *BEN* muſtlive ! but bate *him*, and thou haſt
Undone all *future wits*, and match'd the *paſt*.

Upon the *Poems* and *Playes* of the ever memorable Mr. *William Cartwright*.

I Did but *ſee* thee ! and how *vain* it is
To *vex* thee for it with *Remonſtrances*,
Though *things* in faſhion, let thoſe *Judge*, who ſit
Their *twelve pence* out, to *clap* their *hands* at *wit* ;
I fear to *Sinne* thus *neer* thee ; for (*great Saint* !)
'Tis known, *true beauty* hath no need of *paint*.
Yet, ſince a *Labell* fixt to thy fair *Herſe*
Is all the *Mode*, and *teares* put into *Verſe*
Can teach *Poſterity* our preſent *griefe*
And their own *loſſe*, but never give *reliefe* ;
I'le tell them (and a *truth* which needs no *paſſe*,)
That *wit* in *Cartwright* at her *Zenith* was,
Arts, *Fancy*, *Language*, all *Conven'd* in thee,
With thoſe *grand Miracles* which *deifie*

The

The old worlds *writings*, kept yet from the *fire*,
Becauſe they *force* theſe worſt times to *admire*.
Thy matchleſs *Genius*, in all thou didſt write,
Like the *Sun*, wrought with ſuch *ſtayd heat*, and *light*,
That not a *line* (to the moſt *Critick* he)
Offends with *flaſhes*, or *obſcuritie*.
When thou the *wild* of *humours* trackſt, thy *pen*
So Imitates that *Motley flock* in men,
As if thou hadſt in all their *boſomes* been,
And ſeen thoſe *Leopards* that lurk within.
The am'rous *Youth* ſteals from thy *Courtly page*
His *vow'd Addreſſe*, the *Souldier* his *brave rage*;
And thoſe *ſoft beauteous Readers* whoſe *looks* can
Make ſome men *Poets*, and make any man
A *Lover*, when thy *Slave* but *ſeems* to dye,
Turn all his *Mourners*, and melt at the *Eye*.
Thus, thou thy *thoughts* haſt *dreſt* in ſuch a *ſtrain*
As doth not only *ſpeak*, but *rule* and *raign*,
Nor are thoſe *bodyes* they aſſum'd, *dark Clouds*,
Or a *thick bark*, but *clear*, *tranſparent ſhrouds*,
Which who *lookes* on, the *Rayes* ſo ſtrongly beat
They'l *bruſhe* and *warm* him with a *quickning heat*,
So *Souls* ſhine at the *Eyes*, and *Pearls* diſplay
Through the *looſe-Chryſtal-ſtreams* a *glaunce of day*.
But what's all this unto a *Royall Teſt*?
Thou art the *Man*, whom great *Charles* ſo expreſt!
Then let the *Crowd* refrain their *needleſs bumme*,
When *Thunder* ſpeaks, then *Squibs* and *Winds* are *dumb*.

It shall performe; or if this will not doe
'Twill take the *Ale-wives* sure; 'Twill make them *two*
Fine Roonets of *One*, and spread upon a stick
Is a partition without Lime or Brick.
Horn'd obstinacie! how my heart doth fret
To think what *Mouthes* and *Elbowes* it would set
In a wet day? have you for two pence e're
Seen King *Harries* Chappell at *Westminster*,
Where in their dustie gowns of *Brasse* and *Stone*
The Judges lye, and markt you how each one
In sturdie Marble-plets about the knee
Bears up to shew his legs and symmetrie?
Just so would this; That I think't weav'd upon
Some stiffneckt *Brownists* exercising loome.
O that thou hadst it when this Jugling fate
Of Souldierie first seiz'd me! at what rate
Would I have bought it then, what was there but
I would have given for the *Compendious hutt*?
I doe not doubt but (if the weight could please,)
'Twou'd guard me better than a *Lapland-lease*,
Or a *German* shirt with Inchanted lint
Stuff'd through, and th'devils *beard* and *face* weav'd in't.
But I have done. And think not, friend, that I
This freedome took to Jeere thy Courtesie,
I thank thee for't, and I believe my Muse
So known to thee, thou'lt not suspect abuse;
She did this, 'cause (perhaps) thy *love* paid thus
Might with my *thanks* out-live thy *Cloke*, and *Vs*.

Upon Mr. *Fletchers* Playes, published, 1647.

I Knew thee not, nor durst *attendance* strive
Labell to *wit*, *Verser remonstrative*,
And in some *Suburb-page* (scandal to thine)
Like *Lent* before a *Christmasse* scatter mine,
Fail'd in the *glories* [illegible]

This

This speaks thee not, since at the utmost rate
Such *remnants* from thy *peece* Intreat their date;
Nor can I *dub* the *Coppy*, or afford
Titles to *swell* the *reare* of *Verse* with Lord,
Nor politickly big to *lach* low fame
Stretch in the *glories* of a strangers name,
And Clip those *Bayes* I Court, weak *striver* I,
But a faint *Echo* unto *Poetrie*.
I have not *Clothes* t'adopt me, not must sit
For *Plush* and *Velvets* sake *Esquire* of wit,
Yet *Modestie* these *Crosses* would improve,
And *Rags* neer thee, some *Reverence* may move.
I did believe (great *Beaumont* being dead,)
Thy *widow'd Muse* slept on his *flowrie bed*;
But I am *richly* Cosen'd, and can see
Wit *transmigrates*, his *Spirit* stayd with thee,
Which *doubly* advantag'd by thy *single* pen
In *life* and *death* now treads the *Stage* agen;
And thus are wee freed from that *dearth* of wit
Which *starv'd* the Land since into *Schismes* split,
Wherein th'hast done so much, wee must needs guesse
Wits last *Edition* is now i'th' *Presse*,
For thou hast *drain'd* Invention, and he
That writes hereafter, doth but *pillage* thee.
But thou hast *plotts*; and will not the *Kirk* strain
At the *Designe* of such a *Tragick brain*?
Will they themselves think safe, when they shall see
Thy most *abominable policie*?
Will not the *Eares* assemble, and think't fit
Their *Synod fast*, and *pray*, against thy wit?
But they'le not *tyre* in such an *idle Quest*,
Thou doest but *kill*, and *Circumvent* in *Jest*,
And when thy anger'd Muse *swells* to a blow
'Tis but for *Field*'s, or *Swansteed*'s overthrow.
Yet shall these *Conquests* of thy *Bayes* outlive
Their *Scotish zeale*, and *Compacts* made to grieve
The *Peace* of *Spirits*, and when such deeds fayle
Of their foule Ends, a *faire name* is thy *Bayle*.

But (happy thou!) ne'r ſaw'ſt theſe *ſtormes*, our *aire*
Teem'd with even in thy time, though *ſeeming faire*;
Thy gentle *Soule* meant for the *ſhade*, and *eaſe*
Withdrew betimes into the *Land* of *Peace*;
So *neaſted* in ſome Hoſpitable ſhore
The *Hermit-angler*, when the *mid-Seas* roare
Packs up his *lines*, and (ere the tempeſt *raves*,
Retyres, and leaves his *ſtation* to the *waves*.
Thus thou dieds't almoſt with our *peace*, and wee
This *breathing time* thy laſt fair *Iſſue* ſee,
Which I think ſuch (if *needleſs Ink* not ſoyle
So *Choice a Muſe*,) others are but thy *foile*;
This, or that *age* may write, but never ſee
A *wit* that dares run *Paralell* with thee.
True, *BEN* muſt live! but hate *him*, and thou haſt
Undone all *future wits*, and match'd the *paſt*.

Upon the *Poems* and *Playes* of the ever memorable Mr. *William Cartwright*.

I Did but *ſee* thee! and how *vain* it is
To *vex* thee for it with *Remonſtrances*,
Though *things* in fathion, let thoſe *Judge*, who ſit
Their *twelve pence* out, to *clap* their *hands* at *wit*;
I fear to *Sinne* thus *neer* thee; for (*great Saint!*)
'Tis known, *true beauty* hath no need of *paint*.
Yet, ſince a *Label* fixt to thy fair *Hearſe*
Is all the *Mode*, and *teares* put into *Verſe*
Can teach *Poſterity* our preſent *griefe*
And their own *loſſe*, but never give *reliefe*;
I'le tell them (and a *truth* which needs no *paſſe*,)
That *wit* in *Cartwright* at her *Zenith* was,
Arts, *Fancy*, *Language*, all *Conven'd* in thee,
With thoſe *grand Miracles* which *deiſie*

The

The old worlds *writings*, kept yet from the *fire*,
Becauſe they *force* theſe worſt times to *admire*.
Thy matchleſs *Genius*, in all thou didſt write,
Like the *Sun*, wrought with ſuch *ſtayd heat*, and *light*,
That not a *line* (to the moſt *Critick* he)
Offends with *flaſhes*, or *obſcuritie*.
When thou the *wild* of *humours* trackſt, thy *pen*
So Imitates that *Motley ſtock* in men,
As if thou hadſt in all their *boſomes* been,
And ſeen thoſe *Leopards* that lurk within.
The am'rous *Youth* ſteals from thy *Courtly page*
His *vow'd Addreſſe*, the *Souldier* his *brave rage*;
And thoſe *ſoft beauteous Readers* whoſe *looks* can
Make ſome men *Poets*, and make any man
A *Lover*, when thy *Slave* but *ſeems* to dye,
Turn all his *Mourners*, and melt at the *Eye*.
Thus, thou thy *thoughts* haſt *dreſt* in ſuch a *ſtrain*
As doth not only *ſpeak*, but *rule* and *raign*,
Nor are thoſe *bodyes* they aſſum'd, *dark Clouds*,
Or a *thick bark*, but *clear*, *tranſparent ſhrouds*,
Which who *lookes* on, the *Rayes* ſo ſtrongly beat
They'l *bruſhe* and *warm* him with a *quickning heat*,
So *Souls* ſhine at the *Eyes*, and *Pearls* diſplay
Through the *looſe-Chryſtal-ſtreams* a *glaunce of day*.
But what's all this unto a *Royall Teſt*?
Thou art the *Man*, whom great *Charles* ſo expreſt!
Then let the *Crowd* refrain their *needleſs humme*,
When *Thunder* ſpeaks, then *Squibs* and *Winds* are *dumb*.

To the beſt, and moſt accompliſh'd Couple——

BLeſſings as rich and fragrant crown your heads
As the mild heav'n on *Roſes* ſheds,
When at their Cheeks (like Pearls) they weare
The Clouds that court them in a teare,
And may they be fed from above
By him which firſt ordain'd your love!

Freſh as the *houres* may all your pleaſures be,
And healthfull as *Eternitie*!
Sweet as the flowres *firſt breath*, and Cloſe
As th'*unſeen ſpreadings* of the Roſe,
When he unfolds his Curtain'd head,
And makes his boſome the *Suns bed*.

Soft as *your ſelves* run your whole lifes, and cleare
As your own *glaſſe*, or *what ſhines* there;
Smooth as heav'ns *face*, and bright as he
When without *Maſk*, or *Tiffanie*,
In all your time not one *Faire* meet
But peace as ſilent as his *feet*.

Like the dayes *warmth* may all your Comforts be,
untoil'd for, and *Serene* as he,
Yet free and full as is that *ſheafe*
Of Sun-beams gilding ev'ry leafe,
When now the *tyrant-heat* expires
And his Cool'd locks breath milder fires.

And as thoſe *parcell'd glories* he doth ſhed
Are the *faire Iſſues* of his head,
Which ne'r ſo diſtant are ſoon known
By th' *heat* and *luſtre* for his own,
So may each branch of yours wee ſee
Your *Coppyes*, and our *wonders* be!

And when no more on Earth you muſt remain
Invited hence to heav'n again,
Then may your vertuous, virgin-flames
Shine in thoſe *Heires* of your fair names,
And teach the world that myſterie
Your ſelves in your Poſteritie!

So you to both worlds ſhall *rich preſents* bring,
And *gather'd* up to heav'n, leave here a *Spring*.

An Elegie on the death of Mr. *R. Hall*, ſlain at *Pontefract*, 1648.

I Knew it would be thus! and my Juſt fears
Of thy great ſpirit are Improv'd to tears.
Yet ſhow theſe not from any baſe diſtruſt
Of a fair name, or that thy honour muſt
Confin'd to thoſe cold reliques ſadly ſit
In the ſame Cell an obſcure Anchorite.
Such low diſtempers *Murther*, they that muſt
Abuſe thee ſo, *weep* not, but *wound* thy duſt.
But I paſt ſuch dimme Mourners can deſcrie
Thy fame above all Clouds of obloquie,
And like the Sun with his victorious rayes
Charge through that darkneſs to the laſt of dayes.
'Tis true, fair *Manhood* hath a *female* Eye,
And tears are beauteous in a Victorie,
Nor are wee ſo high-proofe, but griefe will find
Through all our guards a way to wound the mind;
But in thy fall what addes the brackiſh ſumme
More than a blott unto thy *Martyrdome*,
Which ſcorns ſuch wretched ſuffrages, and ſtands
More by thy ſingle worth, than our whole bands.
Yet could the puling tribute reſcue ought
In this ſad loſſe, or were thou to be brought

Back here by tears, I would in any wiſe
Pay down the ſumme, or quite Conſume my Eyes.
Thou fel'ſt our double ruine, and this rent
Forc'd in thy life ſhak'd both the *Church and tent*,
Learning in others ſteales them from the *Van*,
And baſely wiſe *Emaſculates* the man.
But lo'ged in thy brave ſoul the *book ſh ſeat*
Serve'd only as the light unto thy *heat*;
Thus when ſome quitted action, to their ſhame,
And only got a *diſcreet Cowards* name,
Thou with thy bloud mad'ſt purchaſe of renown,
And diedſt the glory of the *Sword* and *Gown*
Thy bloud hath hallow'd *Pomfret*, and this blow
(Prophan'd before) hath Church'd the Caſtle now.
Nor is't a Common valour we deplore,
But ſuch as with *fifteen* a *hundred* bore,
And lightning like (not coopt within a wall)
In ſtormes of *fire* and *ſteele* fell on them all.
Thou wert no *wool-ſack* ſouldier, nor of thoſe
Whoſe Courage lies in *winking* at their foes,
That live at *loop-holes*, and conſume their breath
On *Match* or *Pipes*, and ſometimes *peepe* at death;
No, it were ſinne to number theſe with thee,
But that (thus poiz'd) our lotſe wee better ſee.
The fair and open valour was thy *ſhield*,
And thy known ſtation, the *defying field*.
Yet theſe in thee I would not *Vertues* call.
But that this age muſt know, that thou hadſt all.
Thoſe richer graces that adorn'd thy mind
Like ſtars of the *firſt magnitude*, ſo ſhin'd,
That if oppos'd unto theſe leſſer lights
All we can ſay, is this, *They were fair nights*.
Thy *Piety* and *Learning* did unite,
And though with *Sev'rall beames* made up *one light*,
And ſuch thy Judgement was, that I dare ſwear
Whole *Councils* might as ſoon, and *Synods* erre.
But all theſe now are out! and as ſome *Star*
Hurl'd in Diurnall motions from far,

And ſeen to droop at night, is vainly ſed
To fall, and find an *Occidentall bed*,
Though in that other world what wee iudge *weſt*
Proves *Elevation*, and a new, freſh *Eaſt*.
So though our weaker ſenſe den es us ſight
And bodies cannot trace the *Spirit's* fl ght,
Wee know thoſe graces to be ſtill in thee,
But wing'd above us to eternitie.
Since then (thus flown) thou art ſo much refin'd,
That we can only reach thee with the mind,
I will not in this *dark* and *narrow glaſſe*
Let thy ſcant *ſhadow* for *Perfections* paſſe,
But leave thee to be read more high, more queint,
In thy own bloud a *Souldier* and a *Saint*.

——— *Salve æternum mihi maxime Palla!*
Æternumq; vale! ———

To my learned friend, Mr. *T. Powell*, upon His Tranſlation of *Malvezzi's Chriſtian Politician.*

WEe thank you, worthy Sir, that now we ſee
Malvezzi languag'd like our Infancie,
And can without ſuſpition entertain
This forraign States-man to our breſt or brain,
You have enlarg'd his praiſe, and from your ſtore
By this Edition made his worth the more.
Thus by your learned hand (amidſt the *Coile*)
Outlandiſh plants thrive in our thankleſs ſoile,
And wiſe men after death, by a ſtrange fate,
Lye *Leiger* here, and beg to ſerve our *State*.
Italy now, though *Miſtris* of the *Bayes*,
Waits on this *Wreath*, proud of a forraign praiſe,

For

For, wise *Malvezzi*, thou didst lye before
Confin'd within the language of one shore,
And like those *Stars* which neer the *Poles* doe steer
Wer't but in one part of the *Globe* seen cleer,
Provence and *Naples* were the best and most
Thou couldst thine in, fixt to that single Coast,
Perhaps some *Cardinal* to be thought wise
And honest too, would ask, *what was thy price?*
Then thou must pack to *Rome*, where thou mightst lye
E'r thou shouldst have new cloathes eternally,
For though so neer the *Sevin hills*, ne'rtheless
Thou cam'st to *Antwerp* for thy *Roman* dresse;
But now thou art come hither, thou mayst run
Through any Clime as well known as the *Sun*,
And in thy *several dresses* like the *year*
Challenge acquaintance with each peopled Sphere.
Come then rare Politicians of the time,
Brains of some standing, Elders in our Clime,
See here the method: A wise, solid state
Is quick in acting, friendly in debate,
Joynt in advice, in resolutions just,
Mild in successe, true to the Common trust.
It cements ruptures, and by gentle hand
Allayes the heat and burnings of a land,
Religion guides it, and in all the Tract
Designes so twist, that heav'n confirms the act;
If from these lists you wander as you steere,
Look back, and *Catechise* your actions here,
These are the *Marks* to which true States-men tend,
And *greatness* here with *goodness* hath one End.

To

To my worthy friend Maſter *T. Lewes.*

SEes not my friend, what a deep ſnow
Candies our Countries wooddy brow?
The yeelding branch his load ſcarſe bears
Oppreſt with ſnow, and *frozen tears*,
While the *dumb* rivers ſlowly float,
All bound up in an *Icie Coat*.
Let us meet then! and while this world
In wild *Excentricks* now is hurld,
Keep wee, like nature, the ſame *Key*,
And walk in our forefathers way;
Why any more caſt wee an Eye
On what *may come*, not what is *nigh?*
Why vex our ſelves with *feare*, or *hope*
And cares beyond our *Horoſcope?*
Who into future times would peere
Looks off beyond his terme ſet here,
And cannot goe into thoſe grounds
But through a *Church-yard* which them bounds;
Sorrows and ſighes and ſearches ſpend
And draw our bottome to an end,
But diſcreet Joyes lengthen the leaſe
Without which life were a diſeaſe,
And who this age a Mourner goes,
Doth with his tears but feed his foes.

To the moſt Excellently accompliſh'd, Mrs *K. Philips.*

SAy wittie fair one, from what Sphere
Flow theſe rich numbers you ſhed here?
For ſure ſuch *Incantations* come
From thence, which ſtrike your Readers dumbe.
A ſtrain, whoſe meaſures gently meet
Like *Virgin-lovers*, or times *feet*,
Where language *Smiles*, and accents riſe
As quick, and pleaſing as your *Eyes*,
The *Poem* ſmooth, and in each line
Soft as *your ſelfe*, yet *Maſculine*;
Where not Coorſe trifles blot the page
With matter borrow'd from the age,
But thoughts as Innocent, and high
As *Angels* have, or *Saints* that dye.
Theſe Raptures when I firſt did ſee
New miracles in Poetrie,
And by a hand, their good would miſſe
His *Bayes* and *Fountaines* but to kiſſe,
My weaker *Genius* (croſſe to faſhion)
Slept in a ſilent admiration,
A Reſcue, by whoſe grave diſguiſe
Pretenders oft have paſt for wiſe,
And yet as *Pilgrims* humbly touch
Thoſe *Shrines* to which they bow ſo much,
And Clouds in Courtſhip flock, and run
To be the Mask unto the Sun,
So I concluded, It was true
I might at diſtance worſhip you
A *Perſian* Votarie, and ſay
It was your light ſhew'd me the way.
So *Lodeſtones* guide the duller *Steele*,
And high perfections are the *Wheele*

Which moves the leſſe, for gifts divine
Are ſtrung upon a *Vital line*
Which touch'd by you, Excites in all
Affections *Epidemicall*.
And this made me (a truth moſt fit)
Adde my weak *Echo* to your wit,
Which pardon, Lady, for Aſſayes
Obſcure as theſe might blaſt your Bayes,
As Common hands ſoyle *Flowres*, and make
That dew they wear, *weepe* the miſtake.
But I'le waſh off the *ſtaine*, and vow
No *Lawrel* growes, but for your *Brow*.

An Epitaph upon the Lady *Elizabeth*, Second Daughter to his late Majeſtie.

YOuth, Beauty, Vertue, Innocence
Heav'ns royall, and ſelect Expence,
With Virgin-tears, and ſighs divine,
Sit here the *Genii* of this ſhrine,
Where now (thy fair ſoule wing'd away,)
They guard the *Caſket* where ſhe lay.
Thou hadſt, e'r thou the light couldſt ſee,
Sorrowes layd up, and ſtor'd for thee,
Thou ſuck'dſt in woes, and the *breſts* lent
Their *Milk* to thee, but to lament;
Thy portion here was *griefe*, thy years
Diſtilld no other rain, but tears,
Tears without noiſe, (but (underſtood)
As lowd, and ſhrill as any bloud;
Thou ſeem'ſt a *Roſe bud* born in *Snow*,
A flowre of purpoſe ſprung to bow
To headleſs tempeſts, and the rage
Of an Incenſed, ſtormie Age,

Others, e're their afflictions grow,
Are tim'd, and ſeaſon'd for the blow,
But thine, as *Rhumes* the tend'reſt part,
Fell on a *young* and *humbleſs* heart.
And yet as *Balm-trees* gently ſpend
Their tears for thoſe, that doe them rend,
So mild and pious thou wert ſeen,
Though full of *Suffings*, free from *ſpleen*,
Thou didſt nor murmure, nor revile,
But drank'ſt thy *wormwood* with a *ſmile*.
As envious Eyes blaſt, and Infect
And cauſe misfortunes by aſpect,
So thy ſad ſtars diſpens'd to thee
No Influxe, but Calamitie,
They view'd thee with *Eccliptſed* rayes,
And but the *back-ſide* of bright dayes.

* * *

Theſe were the Comforts ſhe had here,
As by an unſeen hand 'tis cleer,
Which now ſhe reads, and ſmiling wears
A Crown with him, who wipes off tears.

To Sir *William D'avenant*, upon his *Gondibert*.

WEll, wee are reſcued! and by thy rare Pen
Poets ſhall live, when *Princes* dye like men.
Th'haſt cleer'd the proſpect to our harmleſs *Hill*,
Of late years clouded with imputed Ill,
And the *Soft*, *youthfull Couples* there may move
As chaſt as *Stars* converſe and ſmile above.
Th'haſt taught their *Language*, and their *love* to flow
Calme as *Roſe-leaſes*, and coole as *Virgin-ſnow*,
Which doubly feaſts us, being ſo refin'd
They both *delight*, and *dignifie* the mind,

Like

Like to the warrie Muſick of ſome Spring,
Whoſe pleaſant ſhowings at once *waſh* and *ſing*.
And where before *Heroick Poems* were
Made up of *Spirits*, *Prodigies*, and *fear*,
And ſhew'd (through all the *Melancholy flight*,)
Like ſome dark Region overcaſt with night,
As if the Poet had been quite diſmay'd,
While only *Giants* and *Inchantments* ſway'd,
Thou like the *Sun*, whoſe Eye brooks no diſguiſe
Haſt Chas'd them hence, and with Diſcoveries
So rare and learned fill'd the place, that wee
Thoſe fam'd *Graadeza*'s find out-done by thee,
And under-foot ſee all thoſe *Vizards* hurl'd,
Which bred the wonder of the former world.
'Twas dull to ſit, as our fore-fathers did,
At *Crums* and *Voyders*, and becauſe unbid
Refrain wiſe appetite. This made thy *fire*
Break through the *aſhes* of thy aged *Sire*
To lend the world ſuch a Convincing light
As ſhewes his *fancy* darker than his ſight.
Nor was't alone the *bars* and *length* of dayes
(Though thoſe gave *ſtrength* and *ſtature* to his *bayes*,)
Encounter'd thee, but what's an old Complaint
And kills the fancy, a *ſo long Reſtraint*;
How couldſt thou murd in ſolitarie ſtones (*grones*?
Dreſſe *BIRTHA'S ſimi'es*, though well thou might'ſt her
And, ſtrangely Eloquent, thy ſelf divide
'Twixt *Sad mi fortunes*, and a *Bloomie Bride*?
Through all the tenour of thy ample Song
Spun from thy own rich ſtore, and ſhar'd among
Thoſe fair *Adventurers*, we plainly ſee
Th' *Imputed* gifts, *Inherent* are in thee.
Then live for ever (and by high detert)
In thy own *mirrour*, matchleſs *Gondibert*,
And in *bright Birtha* leave thy *love* Inſhrin'd
Freſh as her *Emrauld*, and *faw* as her *mind*,
While all Confeſſe thee (as they ought to doe)
The Prince of *Poets*, and of *Lovers* too.

*Tristium Lib.*5°. *Eleg.*3ª.
To his fellow-Poets at *Rome*, upon the birth-day of *Bacchus*.

THis is the day (birth god of *Sack*) which wee
If I mistake not, Consecrate to thee,
When the soft *Rose* wee marry to the *Bayes*,
And warm'd with thy own wine rehearse thy praise,
'Mongst whom (while to thy *Poet* fate gave way)
I have been held no small part of the day,
But now, dull'd with the Cold *Bears* frozen seat,
Sarmatia holds me, and the warlike *Gete*.
My former life, unlike to this my last,
With *Romes* best wits of thy full Cup did taste,
Who since have seen the savage *Pontick* band,
And all the *Choice* of the Sea and Land:
Whether sad Chance, or heav'n hath this design'd,
And at my birth some fatall Planet shin'd,
Of right thou shouldst the *Sisters* knots undoe,
And free thy *Votarie* and *Poet* too.
Or are you Gods (like us) in such a state
As cannot alter the decrees of fate?
I know with much adoe thou didst obtain
Thy *Jovial* godhead, and on earth thy pain
Was no whit lesse, for wandring thou didst run
To the *Getes* too, and Snow-weeping *Strymon*,
With *Persia*, *Ganges*, and what ever streams
The thirsty *Moor* drinks in the mid-day beames.
But thou wert twice-born, and the Fates to thee
(To make all sure) doubled thy miserie,
My sufferings too are many: if it be
Held fate for me to boast adversitie,
Nor was't a Common blow, but from above
Like his, that died for Imitating *Jove*,
Which when thou heardst, a ruine so divine
And *Mother*-like, should make thee pitty mine.

A

And on this day, which *Poets* unto thee
Crown with full bowles, aſk, *what's become of me?*
Help buckſome God then! ſo may thy lov'd *Vine*
Swarm with the num'rous grape, and *big* with Wine
Load the kind *Elm*, and ſo thy *Orgyes* be
With prieſts lowd ſhowtes, and *Satyrs* kept to thee!
So may in death *Lycurgus* ne'r be bleſt,
Nor *Pentheus* wandring ghoſt find any reſt!
And ſo for ever bright (thy Chiefe deſires,)
May thy *wifes crown* outſhine the leſſer fires!
If but now, mindfull of my love to thee,
Thou wilt, in what thou canſt, my helper be.
You *Gods* have Commerce with your ſelves, try then
If *Cæſar* will reſtore me *Rome* agen.
And you my truſty friends (the Jollie Crew
Of careleſs *Poets*!) when, without me, you
Perform this dayes glad Myſt'ries, let it be
Your firſt Appeal unto his Deitie,
And let one of you (touch'd with my ſad name)
Mixing his wine with tears, lay down the ſame,
And (ſighing) to the reſt this thought Commend,
O! where is Ovid *now our baniſh'd friend?*
This doe, if in your breſts I e'r deſerv'd
So large a ſhare, nor ſpitefully reſerv'd,
Nor baſely ſold applauſe, or with a brow
Condemning others, did my ſelfe allow.
And may your happier wits grow lowd with fame
As you (my beſt of friends!) preſerve my name.

De Ponto, Lib. 3°.

To his friends (after his many ſollicitations) refuſing to petition *Cæſar* for his releaſement.

YOu have Conſum'd my language, and my pen
Incens'd with begging ſcorns to write agen.

You grant, you knew my ſute: My Muſe, and I
Had taught it you in frequent Elegie,
That I believe (yet ſeal'd) you have divin'd
Our *Repetitions*, and *foreſtal'd* my mind,
So that my thronging Elegies, and I
Have made you (more then *Poets*) propheſie.
But I am now awak'd; forgive my dream
VVhich made me Croſſe the *Proverb* and the *Stream*,
And pardon, friends, that I ſo long have had
Such good thoughts of you, I am not ſo mad
As to continue them. You ſhall no more
Complain of troubleſome *Verſe*, or write o're
How I endanger you, and vex my *wife*
VVith the ſad legends of a baniſh'd life.
I'le bear theſe plagues my ſelfe: for I have paſt
Through greater ones, and can as well at laſt
Theſe pettie Croſſes. 'Tis for ſome young beaſt
To kick his bands, or wiſh his neck releaſt
From the ſad Yoke. Know then, That as for me
VVhom Fate hath us'd to ſuch calamitie,
I ſcorn her ſpite and yours, and freely dare
The higheſt ills your malice can prepare.
'Twas Fortune threw me hither, where I now
Rude *Getes* and *Thraces* ſee, with the ſnowie brow
Of Cloudie *Hæmus*, and if ſhe decree
Her ſportive pilgrims *laſt bed* here muſt be
I am content; nay more, ſhe cannot doe
That Act which I would not conſent unto.
I can delight in vain hopes, and deſire
That ſtate more then her *change* and *Smiles*, then high't
I hugge a ſtrong *deſpaire*, and think it brave
To *baffle* faith, and give thoſe hopes a *grave*.
Have you not ſeen cur'd wounds enlarg'd, and he
That with the firſt wave ſinks, yielding to th'free
VVaters, without th'Expence of armes or breath
Hath ſtill the eaſieſt, and the quickeſt death.
VVhy nurſe I ſorrows then? why theſe deſires
Of Changing *Scythia* for the *Sun* and *fires*

Like

Of ſome calm kinder aire? what did bewitch
My frantick hopes to flye ſo vain a pitch,
And thus out-run my ſelf? Mad-man! could I
Suſpect fate had for me a Courteſie?
Theſe errours grieve: And now I muſt forget
Thoſe pleas'd *Idæa's* I did frame and ſet
Unto my ſelfe, with many fancyed *Springs*
And *Groves*, whoſe only loſſe new ſorrow brings.
And yet I would the worſt of fate endure,
E're you ſhould be repuls'd, or leſſe ſecure,
But (baſe, low ſoules!) you left me not for this,
But 'cauſe you durſt not. *Cæſar* could not miſſe
Of ſuch a trifle, for I know that he
Scorns the *Cheap triumphs* of my miſerie.
Then ſince (degen'rate friends) not he, but you
Cancell my hopes, and make afflictions new,
You ſhall Confeſſe, and fame ſhall tell you, I
At *Iſter* dare as well as *Tyber* dye.

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*De Ponto, lib.*4^. *Eleg.*3^a.

To his Inconſtant friend, tranſlated for the uſe of all the *Judaſes* of this touch-ſtone-Age.

SHall I complain, or not? Or ſhall I maſk
Thy hatefull name, and in this bitter taſk
Maſter my juſt Impatience, and write down
Thy crime alone, and leave the reſt unknown?
Or wilt thou the ſucceeding years ſhould ſee
And teach thy perſon to poſteritie?
No, hope it not; for know, moſt wretched man,
'Tis not thy baſe and weak detraction can
Buy thee a *Poem*, nor move me to give
Thy name the honour in my Verſe to live.
Whilſt yet my *Ship* did with no ſtormes diſpute
And temp'rate winds *fid* with a calme ſalute

My proſp'rous ſailes, thou wert the only man
That with me then an equall fortune ran,
But now ſince angry heav'n with Clouds and night
Stifled thoſe *Sun*-beams, thou haſt ta'ne thy flight,
Thou know'ſt I want thee, and art meerly gone
To ſhun that reſcue, I rely'd upon;
Nay, thou diſſembleſt too, and doeſt diſclame
Not only my *Acquaintance*, but my name;
Yet know (though deate to this) that I am he
Whoſe *years* and *love* had the ſame *infancie*
With thine, Thy *deep familiar*, that did ſhare
Soules with thee, and partake thy *Joyes* or *Care*,
Whom the ſame *Rooſe* lodg'd, and my *Muſe* thoſe nights
So ſolemnly endear'd to her delights;
But now, perfidious traiteur, I am grown
The *Abject* of thy breſt, not to be known
In that *falſe Cloſet* more; Nay, thou wilt not
So much as let me know, I am forgot.
If thou wilt ſay, thou didſt not love me, then
Thou didſt diſſemble: or, if love agen,
Why now Inconſtant? came the Crime from me
That wrought this Change? Sure, if no Juſtice be
Of my ſide, thine muſt have it. Why doſt hide
Thy reaſons then? for me, I did ſo guide
My ſelfe and actions, that I cannot ſee
What could offend thee, but my miſerie.
'Las! if thou wouldſt not from thy ſtore allow
Some reſcue to my wants, at leaſt I know
Thou couldſt have writ, and with a line or two
Reliev'd my *famiſh'd Eye*, and eas'd me ſo.
I know not what to think! and yet I hear,
Not pleas'd with this, th'art *witty*, and doſt Jeare;
Bad man! thou haſt in this thoſe tears kept back
I could have ſhed for thee, ſhouldſt thou but lack.
Know'ſt not that *Fortune* on a *Globe* doth ſtand,
Whoſe *upper* ſlipprie part without command
Turns *loweſt* ſtill? the ſportive leaſes and wind
Are but dull *Embleme* of her fickle mind.

In the whole world there's nothing I can ſee
Will throughly parallel her wayes, but thee.
All that we hold, hangs on a ſlender twine
And our beſt ſtates by ſudden chance decline;
Who hath not heard of *Crœſus* proverb'd gold
Yet knowes his foe did him a pris'ner hold?
He that once aw'd *Sicilia*'s proud Extent
By a poor art could famine ſcarſe prevent;
And mighty *Pompey* e'r he made an end
Was glad to beg his ſlave to be his friend;
Nay, he that had ſo oft *Romes* Conſull bin,
And forc'd *Jugurtha*, and the *Cimbrians* in,
Great *Marius*! with much want, and more diſgrace
In a foul Marſh was glad to hide his face.
A divine hand ſwayes all mankind, and wee
Of one ſhort houre have not the certaintie;
Hadſt thou one day told me, the time ſhould be
When the *Getes* bowes, and th'*Euxine* I ſhould ſee,
I ſhould have check'd thy madneſs, and have thought
Th' hadſt need of all *Anticira* in a draught;
And yet 'tis come to paſſe! nor though I might
Some things foreſee, could I procure a ſight
Of my whole deſtinie, and free my ſtate
From thoſe eternall, higher *tyes* of fate.
Leave then thy pride, and though now *brave* and *high*,
Think thou mayſt be as *poore* and *low* as *I*.

Triſtium Lib. 3°. *Eleg.* 3ª.

To his Wife at *Rome*, when he was ſick.

Dareſt! if you thoſe fair Eyes (wondring) ſtick
On this ſtrange Character, know, *I am ſick*.
Sick in the *skirts* of the loſt world, where I
Breath hopeleſs of all Comforts, but to dye.

What heart (think'ſt thou) have I in this ſad ſeat
Tormented 'twixt the *Sauromate* and *Gete?*
Nor *aire* nor *water* pleaſe: their very *skie*
Looks ſtrange and unaccuſtom'd to my Eye,
I ſcarſe dare breath it, and I know not how
The Earth that bears me ſhewes unpleaſant now.
Nor *Diet* here's, nor *lodging* for my Eaſe,
Nor any one that *ſtudies* a diſeaſe;
No friend to comfort me, none to defray
With ſmooth diſcourſe the Charges of the day.
All tir'd alone I lye, and (thus) what e're
Is abſent, and at *Rome* I fancy here,
But when thou com'ſt, I blot the *Aurie Scrowle*,
And give thee full poſſeſſion of my ſoule,
Thee (abſent) I embrace, thee only *voice*,
And night and day *baly* a Husbands Joyes;
Nay, of thy name ſo oft I mention make
That I am thought diſtracted for thy ſake;
When my tir'd Spirits faile, and my ſick heart
Drawes in that *fire* which actuates each part,
If any ſay, th'art come! I force my pain,
And hope to ſee thee, gives me life again.
Thus I for thee, whilſt thou (perhaps) more bleſt
Careleſs of me doeſt breath all peace and reſt,
Which yet I think not, for (*Deare Soule!*) too well
Know I thy griefe, ſince my firſt woes befell.
But if ſtrict heav'n my ſtock of dayes hath ſpun
And with my life my errour wilbe gone,
How eaſie then (*O Caeſar!*) wer't for thee
To pardon one, that now doth ceaſe to be?
That I might yeeld my native aire this breath,
And baniſh not my aſhes after death;
Would thou hadſt either ſpar'd me untill dead,
Or with my bloud redeem'd my abſent head,
Thou ſhouldſt have had both freely, but O! thou
Wouldſt have me live to dye an *Exile* now.
And muſt I then from *Rome* ſo far meet death,
And double by the place my loſſe of breath?

Nor in my laſt of houres on my own bed
(In the ſad Conflict) reſt my dying head ?
Nor my ſoules *whiſpers* (the laſt pledge of life,)
Mix with the tears and kiſſes of a wife ?
My laſt words none muſt treaſure, none will riſe
And (with a teare) ſeal up my vanquiſh'd Eyes,
Without theſe *Rites* I dye, diſtreſt in all
The *ſplendid ſorrowes* of a Funerall,
Unpittied, and unmourn'd for, my ſad head
In a ſtrange Land goes friendleſs to the dead.
When thou hear ſt this, O how thy faithfull ſoule
Will ſink, whilſt griefe doth ev'ry part controule !
How often wilt thou look this way, and Crie,
O where is't yonder that my love doth lye !
Yet ſpare theſe tears, and mourn not now for me,
Long ſince (*dear heart* !) have I been dead to thee,
Think then I dyed, when *Thee* and *Rome* I loſt
That death to me more griefe then this hath Coſt ;
Now, if thou canſt (but thou canſt not) *beſt wiſe*,
Rejoyce, my Cares are ended with my life,
At leaſt, yeeld not to ſorrowes, frequent uſe
Should make theſe miſeries to thee no newes.
And here I wiſh my Soul died with my breath
And that no part of me were free from death,
For, if it be Immortall, and outlives
The body, as *Pythagoras* believes,
Betwixt theſe *Sarmates ghoſts*, a *Roman I*
Shall wander, vext to all Eternitie.
But thou (for after death I ſhall be free,)
Fetch home theſe bones, and what is left of me,
A few *Flowres* give them, with ſome *Balme*, and lay
Them in ſome *Suburb grave* hard by the way,
And to Informe poſterity, who's there,
This ſad Inſcription let my marble weare,
„ *Here lyes the ſoft-ſoul'd Lecturer of Love,*
„ *whoſe envy'd wit did his own ruine prove.*
But thou, (who e'r thou beeſt, that paſſing by
Lendſt to this *ſudden ſtone* a haſtie Eye,

If e'r thou knew'ſt of *Love* the ſweet diſeaſe,
Grudge not to ſay, *May* Ovid *reſt in peace*!
This for my tombe: but in my books they'l ſee
More ſtrong and laſting Monuments of mee,
Which I believe (though fatall) will afford
An Endleſs name unto their ruin'd Lord.
And now thus gone, It reſts for love of me
Thou ſhewſt ſome ſorrow to my memory;
Thy Funerall offrings to my aſhes beare
With Wreathes of *Cypreſſe* bath'd in many a teare,
Though nothing there but duſt of me remain,
Yet ſhall that *Duſt* perceive thy pious pain.
But I have done, and my tyr'd ſickly head
Though I would fain write more, deſires the bed;
Take then this word (perhaps my laſt to tell)
Which though I want, I with it thee, *Fare-well.*

Auſonii Cupido, Edyl.6.

IN thoſe bleſt fields of *Everlaſting aire*
(Where to a *Myrtle*-grove the ſoules repaire
Of deceas'd *Lovers*,) the ſad, thoughtfull ghoſts
Of *Injur'd Ladyes* meet, where each accoaſts
The other with a ſigh, whoſe very breath
Would break a heart, and (*kind Soules*!) love in death.
A thick wood clouds their *walks*, where day ſcarſe peeps,
And on each hand Cypreſſe and Poppey *ſleepes*,
The drowſie Rivers *ſlumber*, and *Springs* there
Blab not, but ſoftly melt into a teare,
A ſickly dull aire *fans* them, which can have
When moſt in force ſcarce breath to *build* a wave.
On either bank through the ſtill ſhades appear
A *Scene* of penſive flowres, whoſe boſomes wear
Drops of a *Lover's* bloud, the *Emblem'd* truths
Of deep deſpair, and Love-ſlain *Kings* and *Youths.*
The *Hyacinth*, and ſelf-enamour'd Boy
Narciſſus flouriſh there, with *Venus* Joy

The

The ſpruce *Adonis*, and that *Prince* whoſe flowre
Hath ſorrow languag'd on him to this houre;
All ſad with love they hang their heads, and grieve
As if their paſſions in each leafe did *live*;
And here (*alas!*) theſe ſoft-ſoul'd Ladies ſtray,
And (oh! too late!) treaſon in love betray.
Her blaſted birth ſad *Semele* repeats,
And with her *tears* would quench the thund'rers *heats*,
Then ſhakes her boſome, as if fir'd again,
And fears another lightnings *flaming train*.
The lovely *Pocris* (here) bleeds, ſighes, and ſwounds,
Then wakes, and kiſſes him that gave her wounds.
Sad *Hero* holds a torch forth, and doth light
Her loſt *Leander* through the waves and night.
Her *Boateman* deſp'rate *Sapho* ſtill admires,
And nothing but the *Sea* can quench her *fires*.
Diſtracted *Phœdra* with a reſtleſs Eye
Her diſdain'd Letters reads, then caſts them by.
Rare, faithfull *Thysbe* (ſequeſtred from theſe)
A ſilent, unſeen ſorrow doth beſt pleaſe,
For her *Loves* ſake, and laſt *good-night*, poor ſhe
Walks in the ſhadow of a *Mulberrie*.
Neer her young *Canace* with *Dido* ſits
A lovely Couple, but of deſp'rate wits,
Both dy'd alike, both pierc'd their tender breſts,
This with her *Fathers* Sword, that with her *Gueſts*.
Within the thickeſt *textures* of the Grove
Diana in her *Silver-beams* doth rove,
Her Crown of ſtars the *pi chie aire* Invades,
And with a faint light *gilds* the ſilent ſhades,
Whilſt her ſad thoughts fixt on her *ſleepie lover*
To *Latmos*-hill, and his retirements move her.
A thouſand more through the wide, darkſome wood
Feaſt on their cares, the *Maudlin-Lovers* food,
For *griefe* and *abſence* doe but *Edge* deſire,
And Death is *fuell* to a Lovers *fire*.
To ſee theſe *Trophies* of his wanton bow
Cupid comes in, and all in triumph now

(Raſh

(Rash, unadvised Boy!) dispersèth round
The fleepie Mists, his *wings* and *quiver* wound
With noise the quiet aire. His sudden stirre
Betrayes his *godship*, and as we from far
A clouded, sickly *Moon* observe, so they
Through the *false Mists* his *Eclyps'd torch* betray.
A hot pursute thy make, and though with care,
And a slow wing he softly *stems* the aire,
Yet they (as subtill now as he) surround
His silenc'd course, and with the thick night bound
Surprize the *Wag*. As in a dream we strive
To voyce our thoughts, & vainly would revive
Our Entraunc'd tongues, but can not speech enlarge
'Till the Soule wakes and reassumes her Charge,
So joyous of their *Prize*, they flock about
And vainly *Swell* with an *Imagin'd* shout.
Far in these shades, and melancholy Coasts
A *Myrtle* growes, well known to all the ghosts.
Whose stretch'd top (like a *great man* rais'd by Fate)
Looks big, and scorns his neighb'urs low estate;
His *leavy arms* into a *green Cloud* twist,
And on each Branch doth *sit* a lazie mist.
A fatall tree, and luckless to the gods,
Where for *disdain* in life (loves *worst* of *Ods*,)
The *Queen* of shades, fair *Proserpine* did rack
The sad *Adonis*, hither now they pack
This little *God*, where, first disarm'd, they *bind*
His skittish wrizes, then both his hands behind
His back they tye, and thus secur'd at last
The *peevish wanton* to the tree make fast.
Here at adventure without *Judge* or Jurie
He is condemn'd, while with united furie
They all assaile him; As a thiefe at Bar
Left to the Law, and mercy of his Star,
Hath *Bills* heap'd on him, and is question'd there
By all the men that have been rob'd that year,
So now what ever *Fate*, or their own *will*
Scor'd up in life, *Cupid* must pay the bill.

Their *Servants* falſhood, Jealouſie, diſdain,
And all the plagues that *abus'd Maids* can feign,
Are layd on him, and then to heighten ſpleen
Their own deaths crown the ſumme. Preſt thus between
His faire accuſers, 'tis at laſt decreed,
He by thoſe weapons, that they died, ſhould bleed.
One graſps an *airie Sword*, a ſecond holds
Illuſive *fire*, and in *vain*, wanton folds
Belyes a flame; Others leſſe kind appear
To let him bloud, and from the purple tear
Create a *Roſe*. But *Sapho* all this while
Harveſts the aire, and from a thicken'd pile
Of Clouds like *Leucas top*, ſpreads underneath
A *Sea* of *Miſts*, the peacefull billowes breath
Without all noiſe, yet ſo exactly move
They ſeem to *Chide*, but diſtant from above
Reach not the eare, and (thus prepar'd) at once
She doth o'rwhelm him with the *aire Sconce*.
Amidſt theſe tumults, and as fierce as they
Venus ſteps in, and without thought, or ſtay
Invades her *Son*; her old diſgrace is caſt
Into the *Bill*, when *Mars* and *Shee* made *faſt*
In their Embraces were expos'd to all
The *Scene* of gods ſtark naked in their *fall*.
Nor ſerves a *verball* penance, but with haſt
From her fair brow (O happy flowres ſo plac'd!)
She rears a *Roſie garland*, and with this
Whips the *untoward Boy*, they gently kiſſe
His *ſnowie ſkin*, but ſhe with angry haſt
Doubles her ſtrength, untill bedew'd at laſt
With a thin bloudie ſweat, their *Innate Red*,
(As if griev'd with the Act) grew pale and dead.
This *layd* their ſpleen: And now (*kind ſoules!*) no more
They'l puniſh him, the torture that he bore,
Seems greater then his crime; with joynt Conſent
Fate is made guilty, and *he* Innocent.
As in a dream with dangers we conteſt,
And *fictious pains* ſeem to afflict our reſt,

So frighted only in theſe ſhades of night
Cupid (got looſe) ſtole to the upper light,
Where ever ſince (for malice unto theſe)
The *ſpiteſull Ape* doth either *Sex* diſpleaſe.
But O that had theſe *Ladyes* been ſo wiſe
To keep his *Arms*, and give him but his *Eyes*!

Boet. Lib. I. *Metrum* I.

I Whoſe firſt year flouriſh'd with youthfull verſe,
In ſlow, ſad numbers now my griefe reherſe;
A broken ſtile my ſickly lines afford,
And only tears give weight unto my words;
Yet neither fate nor force my Muſe cou'd fright
The only faithfull Conſort of my flight;
Thus what was once my green years greateſt glorie,
Is now my Comfort, grown decay'd and hoarie,
For killing Cares th'Effects of age ſpurr'd on
That griefe might find a fitting Manſion;
O'r my young head runs an untimely gray,
And my looſe skin ſhrinks at my blouds decay.
Happy the man! whoſe death in proſp'rous years
Strikes not, nor ſhuns him in his age and tears.
But O how deafe is ſhe to hear the Crie
Of th' oppreſt Soule, or ſhut the weeping Eye!
While treacherous Fortune with ſlight honours fed
My firſt eſtate, ſhe almoſt drown'd my head,
But now ſince (clouded thus) ſhe hides thoſe rayes,
Life adds unwelcom'd length unto my dayes;
Why then, my friends, Judg'd you my ſtate ſo good?
He that may fall once, never firmly ſtood.

Metrum

Metrum 2.

O In what haſte with Clouds and Night
Ecclyps'd, and having loſt her light,
The dull Soule whom diſtraction rends
Into outward Darkneſs tends!
How often (by theſe miſts made blind,)
Have earthly cares oppreſt the mind!
This Soule ſometimes wont to ſurvey
The ſpangled *Zodiacks ſixe way*
Saw th'early Sun in Roſes dreſt
With the Coole Moons unſtable Creſt,
And whatſoever wanton Star
In various Courſes neer or far
Pierc'd through the orbs, he cou'd full well
Track all her Journey, and would tell
Her Manſions, turnings, Riſe and fall,
By Curious Calculation all.
Of ſudden winds the hidden Cauſe,
And why the Calm Seas quiet face
With Impetuous waves is Curld,
What ſpirit wheeles th'harmonious world,
Or why a Star dropt in the *weſt*
Is ſeen to riſe again by *Eaſt*,
Who gives the warm Spring temp'rate houres
Decking the Earth with ſpicie flowres,
Or how it Comes (for mans recruit)
That Autumne yeelds both Grape and fruit,
With many other Secrets, he
Could ſhew the Cauſe and Myſterie,
But now that light is almoſt out,
And the brave Soule lyes Chain'd about
With outward Cares, whoſe penſive weight
Sinks down her Eyes from their firſt height,
And clean Contrary to her birth
Poares on this vile and fooliſh Earth,

Metrum 4.

WHoſe calme ſoule in a ſettled ſtate
Kicks under foot the frowns of Fate,
And in his fortunes bad or good
Keeps the ſame temper in his bloud,
Not him the flaming Clouds above,
Nor Ætna's fierie tempeſts move,
No fretting ſeas from ſhore to ſhore
Boyling with Indignation o're
Nor burning thunderbolt that can
A mountain ſhake, can ſtir this man.
Dull Cowards then! why ſhould we ſtart
To ſee theſe tyrants act their part?
Nor hope, nor fear what may befall
And you'd ſcorn their malice all.
But who doth faintly fear, or wiſh
And ſets no law to what is his,
Hath loſt the buckler, and (poor Elfe!)
Makes up a Chain to bind himſelfe.

Metrum 5.

OThou great builder of this ſtarrie frame,
Who fixt in thy eternall throne doſt tame
The rapid Spheres, and left they jarre
Haſt giv'n a law to ev'ry ſtarre!
Thou art the Cauſe that now the Moon
With full orbe dulls the ſtarres, and ſoon
Again growes dark, her light being done,
The neerer ſtill ſhe's to the Sun.
Thou in the early hours of night
Mak'ſt the coole Evening-ſtar ſhine bright,
And at Sun-riſing ('cauſe the leaſt)
Look pale and ſleepie in the Eaſt.

Thou, when the leaſes in Winter ſtray,
Appointſt the Sun a ſhorter way,
And in the pleaſant Summer-light
With nimble houres doeſt wing the night.
Thy hand the various year quite through
Diſcreetly tempers, that what now
The North-wind tears from ev'ry tree
In Spring again reſtor'd we ſee.
Then what the *winter-ſtarrs* between
The furrowes in meer ſeed have ſeen
The Dog-ſtar ſince (grown up and born)
Hath burnt in ſtately, full-ear'd Corn.
Thus by Creations law controll'd
All things their proper ſtations hold
Obſerving (as thou didſt intend)
Why they were made, and for what end.
Only humane actions thou
Haſt no Care of, but to the flow
And Ebbe of Fortune leav'ſt them all,
Hence th' Innocent endures that thrall
Due to the wicked, whilſt alone
They ſit poſſeſſours of his throne,
The Juſt are kill'd, and Vertue lyes
Buried in obſcurities,
And (which of all things is moſt ſad)
The good man ſuffers by the bad.
No perjuries, nor damn'd pretence
Colour'd with holy, lying ſenſe
Can them annoy, but when they mind
To try their force, which moſt men find.
They from the higheſt ſway of things
Can pull down great, and pious Kings.
O then at length, thus looſely hurl'd
Look on this miſerable world
Who e'r thou art, that from above
Doeſt in ſuch order all things move!
And let not man (of divine art
Not the leaſt, nor vileſt part)

By Caſuall evills thus bandied, be
The ſport of fates obliquitie.
But with that faith thou guid'ſt the heaven,
Settle this Earth, and make them even.

Metrum 6.

WHen the Crabs fierce Conſtellation
Burns with the beams of the bright Sun,
Then he that will goe out to ſowe,
Shall never reap where he did plough,
But in ſtead of Corn may rather
The old worlds diet, Accorns gather.
Who the Violet doth love
Muſt ſeek her in the flowrie grove,
But never when the *Norths* cold wind
The *Ruſſet* fields with troſt doth bind.
If in the Spring-time (to no end)
The tender Vine for Grapes we bend,
Wee ſhall find none, for only (ſtill)
Autumne doth the Wine-preſſe fill.
Thus for all things (in the worlds prime)
The wiſe God ſeal'd their proper time,
Nor will permit thoſe ſeaſons he
Ordain'd by turns, ſhould mingled be;
Then whoſe wild actions out of ſeaſon
Croſſe to nature, and her reaſon,
VVould by new wayes old orders rend,
Shall never find a happy End.

Metrum 7.

CUrtain'd with Clouds in a dark night
The Stars cannot ſend forth their light,
And if a ſudden Southern blaſt
The Sea in rolling waves doth caſt,

That angrie Element doth boile,
And from the deep with ſtormy Coile
Spues up the Sands, which in ſhort ſpace
Scatter, and puddle his Curl'd face;
Then thoſe Calme waters, which but now
Stood clear as heavens unclouded brow,
And like tranſparent glaſſe did lye
Open to ev'ry ſcarchers Eye,
Look foulely ſtirr'd, and (though deſir'd)
Reſiſt the ſight, becauſe bemir'd,
So often from a high hills brow
Some Pilgrim-ſpring is ſeen to flow,
And in a ſtraight line keep her Courſe
Till from a Rock with headlong force
Some broken peece blocks up her way
And ſo eth all her ſtreams aſtray.
Then thou that with inlightned Rayes,
Wouldſt ſee the truth, and in her wayes
Keep without *Errour*; neither fear
The future, nor too much give ear
To preſent Joyes; And give no ſcope
To griefe, nor much to flatt'ring hope.
For when theſe Rebels raign, the mind
Is both a Priſ'ner, and ſtark blind.

Lib.2. Metrum 1.

FOrtune (when with raſh hands ſhe quite turmoiles
The ſtate of things, and in tempeſtuous foiles
Comes whirling like *Eurivus*,) beats quite down
With headlong force the higheſt Monarchs crown,
And in his place unto the throne doth fetch
The deſpis'd looks of ſome mechanick wretch.
So Jeſts at tears and miſeries, is proud,
And laughs to hear her vaſſ'ls grone aloud.
Theſe are her ſports, thus ſhe her wheele doth drive
And plagues man with her blind prerogative;

Nor is't a favour of Inferiour strain,
If once kickt down, she lets him rise again.

Metrum 2.

IF with an open, bounteous hand
(Wholly left at Mans Command)
Fortune should in one rich flow
As many heaps on him bestow
Of massie gold, as there be sands
Tost by the waves and winds rude bands,
Or bright stars in a Winter-night
Decking their silent Orbs with light,
Yet would his lust know no restraints,
Nor cease to weep in sad Complaints.
Though heaven should his vowes regard,
And in a prodigall reward
Return him all he could implore,
Adding new honours to his store,
Yet all were nothing. Goods in sight
Are scorn'd, and lust in greedy flight
Layes out for more; What measure then
Can tame these wild desires of men?
Since all wee give both last and first
Doth but inflame, and feed their thirst;
For how can he be rich, who 'midst his store
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poore.

Metrum 3.

WHen the Sun from his Rosie bed
The dawning light begins to shed,
The drowsie sky uncurtains round,
And the (but now bright stars all drown'd
In one great light, look dull and tame,
And homage his victorious flame,

Thus

Thus, when the warm *Etesian* wind
The Earth's scald bosome doth unbind,
Straight she her various store discloses,
And purples every Grove with Roses;
But if the Souths tempestuous breath
Breaks forth, those blushes pine to death.
Oft in a quiet sky the deep
With unmov'd waves seems fast asleep,
And oft again the blustring North
In angrie heaps provokes them forth.
If then this world, which holds all Nations,
Suffers it selfe such alterations,
That not this mighty, massie frame,
Nor any part of it can Claime
One certain course, why should man prate,
Or Censure the designs of Fate?
Why from fraile honours, and goods lent
Should he expect things permanent?
Since 'tis enacted by divine decree
That nothing mortall shall eternall be.

Metrum 4.

WHo wisely would for his retreat
Build a secure and lasting seat,
Where stov'd in silence he may sleep
Beneath the *wind*, above the *Deep*;
Let him th' high hils leave on one hand,
And on the other the false sand;
The first to winds lyes plain and even
From all the blustring points of heaven;
The other hollow and unsure,
No weight of building will endure.
Avoyding then the envied state
Of buildings bravely situate,
Remember thou thy selfe to lock
Within some low neglected Rock;

There when fierce heaven in thunder Chides,
And winds and waves rage on all sides,
Thou happy in the quiet sense
Of thy poor Cell with small Expence
Shall lead a life serene and faire,
And scorn the anger of the aire.

Metrum 5.

HAppy that first white age! when wee
Lived by the Earths meere Charitie,
No soft luxurious Diet then
Had Effeminated men,
No other meat, nor wine had any
Then the Course Mast, or simple honey,
And by the Parents care layd up
Cheap *Berries* did the Children sup.
No pompous weare was in those dayes
Of gummie Silks, or Skarlet bayes,
Their beds were on some flowrie brink
And clear Spring-water was their drink.
The shadie Pine in the Suns heat
Was their Coole and known Retreat,
For then 'twas not cut down, but stood
The youth and glory of the wood.
The daring Sailer with his slaves
Then had not cut the swelling waves,
Nor for desire of forraign store
Seen any but his native shore.
No stirring Drum had scarr'd that age,
Nor the shrill Trumpets active rage,
No wounds by bitter hatred made
With warm bloud soil'd the shining blade;
For how could hostile madness arm
An age of love to publick harm?
When Common Justice none withstood,
Nor sought rewards for guilling bloud.

O that at length our age would raiſe
Into the temper of thoſe dayes!
But (worſt then Ætna's fires!) debate
And Avarice inflame our ſtate.
Alas! who was it that firſt found
Gold hid of purpoſe under ground,
That ſought out Pearles, and div'd to find
Such pretious perils for mankind!

Metrum 6.

HE that thirſts for glories prize,
Thinking that the top of all,
Let him view th'Expanſed skies,
And the Earths Contracted ball,
'Twill ſhame him then, the name he wan
Fils not the ſhort *walk* of one man.

2.

O why vainly ſtrive you then
To ſhake off the bands of Fate,
Though fame through the world of men
Should in all tongues your names relate,
And with proud titles ſwell that ſtorie
The Darke grave ſcorns your brighteſt glorie.

3.

There with Nobles beggers ſway,
And Kings with Commons ſhare one duſt,
What newes of *Brutus* at this day,
Or *Fabricius* the Juſt?
Some rude *Verſe* Cut in ſtone, or led
Keeps up the names, but they are dead.

4.

So ſhall, you one day (paſt reprieve)
Lye (perhaps) without a name,
But if dead you think to live
By this aire of humane fame,
Know, when time ſtops that poſthume breath,
You muſt endure a ſecond death.

Metrum 7.

THat the world in constant *force*
Varies her *Concordant course*;
That *seeds* jarring *hot* and *cold*
Doe the *breed* perpetuall hold;
That in his golden Coach the *Sun*
Brings the *Rosie day* still on;
That the *Moon* swayes all those *lights*
Which *Hesper* ushers to *dark nights*;
That *alternate tydes* be found
The Seas *ambitious* waves to bound,
Left o'r the wide Earth without End
Their *fluid Empire* should extend;
All this frame of *things* that *be*,
Love which rules *Heaven*, *Land*, and *Sea*,
Chains, keeps, orders as we see.
This, if the raines he once cast by,
All things that now by turns comply,
Would fall to discord, and this frame
Which now by sociall faith they tame,
And comely orders in that fight
And jarre of things would perish quite.
This in a holy league of peace
Keeps King and People with Increase;
And in the sacred nupriall bands
Tyes up chast hearts with willing hands,
And this keeps firm without all doubt
Friends by his bright Instinct found out.
O happy Nation then were you
If love which doth all things subdue,
That rules the spacious heav'n, and brings
Plenty and Peace upon his wings,
Might rule you too! and without guile
Settle once more this floting Ile!

Casimirus, Lib. 4. Ode 28.

ALl-mighty *Spirit*! thou that by
Set *turns* and *changes* from thy high
And glorious *throne*, dost here below
Rule all, and all things dost *foreknow*;
Can those *blind plots* wee here discusse
Please thee, as thy *wise Counsels* us?
When thou thy *blessings* here dost strow,
And poure on *Earth*, we flock and flow
With *Joyous strife*, and *eager care*
Strugling which shall have the best share
In thy *rich gifts*, just as we see
Children about *Nuts* disagree.
Some that a *Crown* have got and foyl'd
Break it; Another sees it *spoil'd*
E're it is *gotten*: Thus the *world*
Is all to *peece-meals* cut, and hurl'd
By *factious hands*, It is a *ball*
Which *Fate* and *force* divide 'twixt all
The *Sons* of *men*. But ô good God!
While these for *dust* fight, and a *Clod*,
Grant that poore I may *smile*, and be
At rest, and *perfect peace* with thee.

Casimirus, Lib. 2. Ode 8.

IT would lesse vex *distressed man*
If *Fortune* in the same *pace* ran
To *ruine* him, as he did *rise*;
But highest *States* fall in a trice.
No *great Successe* held ever *long*:
A restless *fate* afflicts the throng
Of *Kings* and *Commons*, and lesse dayes
Serve to *destroy* them, then to *raise*.

Good luck *smiles* once an age, but *bad*
Makes *Kingdomes* in a *minute* sad,
And ev'ry *houre* of *life* wee drive,
Hath o'r us a *Prerogative*.
Then leave (by *wild Impatience* driv'n,
And *rash resents*,) to rayle at *heav'n*,
Leave an *unmanly*, *weak complaint*
That *Death* and *Fate* have no restraint.
In the same houre that gave thee *breath*,
Thou hadst ordain'd thy houre of *death*,
But *he* lives *most*, who here will *buy*
With a few tears, *Eternitie*.

Casimirus, Lib. 3. Ode 22.

LEt not thy *youth* and *false delights*
Cheat thee of *life*; Those *headdy flights*
But wast thy *time*, which posts away
Like *winds* unseen, and swift as they.
Beauty is but meer *paint*, whose *die*
With times *breath* will *dissolve* and *flye*,
'Tis *wax*, 'tis *water*, 'tis a *glasse*
It *melts*, *breaks*, and *away* doth *passe*.
'Tis like a *Rose* which in the *dawne*
The *aire* with gentle breath doth *fawne*
And *whisper* too, but in the houres
Of *night* is sullied with smart showres.
Life spent, is wish'd for but in vain,
Nor can past *years* come back again.
Happy the *Man*! who in this *vale*
Redeems his time, shutting out all
Thoughts of the *world*, whose *longing Eyes*
Are ever *Pilgrims* in the *skyes*,
That views his *bright home*, and desires
To *shine* amongst those *glorious fires*.

Casimirus Lyric. Lib. 3. Ode 23.

'Tis not *rich furniture* and *gems*
With *Cedar-roofes*, and ancient *stems*,
Nor yet a *plenteous*, *lasting flood*
Of *gold*, that makes man *truly good*.
Leave to Inquire in what *faire fields*
A *River* runs which *much gold* yeelds,
Vertue alone is the *rich prize*
Can purchase *starrs*, and buy the *skies*.
Let others build with *Adamant*,
Or pillars of *carv'd Marble* plant,
Which *rude* and *rough* sometimes did dwell
Far under *earth*, and neer to *hell*.
But *richer* much (from *death* releast)
Shines in the *fresh groves* of the *East*
The *Phœnix*, or those *fish* that dwell
With *silver'd scales* in *Hiddekel*.
Let others with rare, various *Pearls*
Their *garments* dresse, and in *forc'd Curls*
Bind up their *locks*, look *big* and *high*,
And shine in *robes* of *Scarlet-die*.
But in my thoughts more *glorious* far
Those *native starrs*, and *speckles* are
Which *birds* wear, or the *spots* which wee
In *Leopards* dispersed see.
The harmless *sheep* with her warm *fleece*
Cloathes *man*, but who his *dark heart* sees
Shall find a *wolfe* or *Fox* within
That kills the *Castor* for his *skin*.
Vertue alone, and nought else can
A diffrence make 'twixt *beast* and *man*,
And on her *wings* above the *Spheres*
To the *true light* his *spirit* bears.

Casimirus, Lib. 4. Ode 15.

NOthing on *Earth*, nothing at all
Can be exempted from the *thrall*
Of peevish *weariness*! The *Sun*
Which our *fore-fathers* Judg'd to run
Clear and *unspotted*, in our dayes
Is tax'd with *sullen*, *Eclips'd rayes*.
What ever in the *glorious skie*
Man sees, his rash, *audacious Eye*
Dares Censure it, and in meer *spite*
At *distance* will condemn the *light*.
The *wholsome mornings*, whose *beams* cleer
Those *hills* our *fathers* walkt on here
Wee fancy not nor the *Moons* light
Which through their *windows* shin'd at *night*,
VVee change the *Aire* each year, and scorn
Those *Seates*, in which we first were *borne*.
Some nice, affected *wand'rers* love
Belgia's mild winters, others remove
For want of *health* and *honestie*
To *Summer* it in *Italie*;
But to no end: The *disease* still
Sticks to his *Lord*, and kindly will
To *Venice* in a *Barge* repaire,
Or *Coach* it to *Vienna*'s aire,
And then (too late with *home* Content,)
They leave this *wilfull banishment*.
But he, whose *Constancie* makes sure
His *mind* and *mansion*, lives secure
From such *vain tasks*, can *dine* and *sup*
VVhere his *old parents* bred him up.
Content (no doubt!) most times doth dwell
In *Country-shades*, or to some *Cell*
Confines it selfe, and can alone
Make simple *straw*, a Royall *Throne*.

Caſimirus, Lib.4. Ode 13.

IF *weeping Eyes* could waſh away
Thoſe *Evills* they mourn for *night and day*,
Then gladly I to *cure* my *fears*
With my beſt *Jewells* would buy *tears*.
But as *dew* feeds the growing *Corn*,
So *Croſſes* that are grown *forlorn*
Increaſe with *griefe*, *teares* make *teares* way,
And *cares* kept up, keep *cares* in *pay*.
That *wretch* whom *Fortune* finds to *feare*,
And *melting* ſtill into a *teare*,
She *ſtrikes* more *boldly*, but a *face*
Silent and *drie* doth her *amaze*.
Then leave thy *teares*, and tedious *tale*
Of what thou doeſt *misfortunes* call,
What thou by *weeping* think'ſt to *eaſe*,
Doth by that *Paſſion* but *Increaſe*,
Hard things to *Soft* will never yield,
'Tis the *drie Eye* that wins the field;
A noble *patience* quells the *ſpite*
Of *Fortune*, and *diſarms* her quite.

The Praiſe of a Religious life by *Mathias Caſimirus*. In Anſwer to that Ode of *Horace*, *Beatus Ille qui procul negotiis*, &c.

FLaccus not ſo: That worldly *He*
Whom in the Countreys *ſhade* we ſee
Ploughing his own *fields*, ſeldome can
Be juſtly ſtil'd, *The Bleſſed man*.
That title only fits a *Saint*,
Whoſe free thoughts far above reſtraint

And weighty Cares, can gladly part
With *house* and *Lands*, and leave the smart
Litigious troubles, and lowd strife
Of this world for a better life.
He fears no *Cold*, nor *heat* to blast
His *Corn*, for his *Accounts* are cast,
He *sues* no man, nor stands in Awe
Of the *devouring Courts* of Law;
But all his time he spends in *tears*
For the *Sins* of his youthfull years,
Or having tasted those *rich Joyes*
Of a Conscience without *noyse*
Sits in some fair *shade*, and doth give
To his *wild thoughts* rules how to live.
He in the *Evening*, when on high
The *Stars* shine in the *silent skye*
Beholds th'*eternall flames* with mirth,
And *globes* of *light* more large then *Earth*,
Then weeps for *Joy*, and through his tears
Looks on the *five-enamel'd* Spheres,
Where with his *Saviour* he would be
Lifted above mortalitie.
Mean while the *golden stars* doe set,
And the *slow-Pilgrim* leave all wet
With his own tears, which flow so fast
They make his *steps* light, and soon past.
By this, the *Sun* o're night *deceast*
Breaks in *fresh Blushes* from the *East*,
When mindfull of his former *falls*
With *strong Cries* to his *God* he calls,
And with such *deep-drawn sighes* doth move
That he turns *anger* into *love*.
In the Calme *Spring*, when the Earth *bears*,
And feeds on *April's breath*, and *tears*,
His Eyes accustom'd to the *skyes*
Find here *fresh objects*, and like *Spyes*
Or busie *Bees* search the soft *flowres*
Contemplate the *green fields*, and *Bowres*,

Where

Where he in *Veyles*, and *shades* doth see
The *back Parts* of the *Deity*.
Then sadly sighing sayes. „ *O how*
„ *These flowres wi h hasty, stretch'd heads grow*
„ *And strive for heav'n, but rooted here*
„ *Lament the distance with a teare!*
„ *The Honey-suckles Clad in white,*
„ *The Rose in Red point to the light,*
„ *And the Lillies hollow and bleak*
„ *Look, as if they would something speak,*
„ *They sigh at night to each soft gale,*
„ *And at the day-spring weep it all.*
„ *Shall I then only (wretched I!)*
„ *Oppress with Earth, on Earth still lye?*
Thus speaks he to the neighbour trees
And many sad *Soliloquies*
To *Springs*, and *Fountaines* doth impart,
Seeking God with a longing heart.
But if to ease his busie breast
He thinks of *home*, and taking rest
A *Rurall Cott*, and *Common fare*
Are all his *Cordials* against *Care*.
There at the *doore* of his low *Cell*
Under some *shade*, or neer some *Well*
Where the *coole Poplar* growes, his *Plate*
Of Common *Earth*, without more *state*
Expect their *Lord*. *Salt* in a *shell*,
Green *Cheese*, thin *beere*, *Draughts* that will *tell*
No *Tales*, a *hospitable Cup*,
With some *fresh berries* doe make up
His healthfull feast, nor doth he wish
For the fatt *Carp*, or a rare dish
Of *Lucrine Oysters*; The swift *Quist*
Or *Pigeon* sometimes (if he list)
With the *slow Goose* that loves the *stream*,
Fresh, various *Sallads*, and the *Bean*
By Curious *Pallats* never sought,
And to Close with, some Cheap unbought

Dish for *digestion*, are the most
And Choicest *dainties* he can *boast*.
Thus fe sted, to the *flowrie Groves*,
Or pleasant *Rivers* he removes,
Where neer some *fair Oke* hung with Mast
He shuns the *Souths* Infectious blast.
On shadie *banks* sometimes he lyes,
Sometimes the open *Current tryes*,
Where with his *line* and *feather'd flye*
He sports, and takes the *Scaly frie*.
Mean-while each *hollow wood* and *hill*
Doth ring with *lowings* long and shrill,
And shadie *Lakes* with *Rivers* deep,
Eccho the *bleating* of the *Sheep*.
The *Black-bird* with the pleasant *Thrush*
And *Nightingale* in ev'ry Bush
Choice *Musick* give, and *Shepherds* play
Unto their *flocks* some loving *Lay*;
The thirsty *Reapers* in thick throngs
Return home from the *field* with Songs,
And the *Carts* loden with ripe *Corn*
Come groning to the well-stor'd *Barn*.
Nor passe wee by as the least good,
A *peacefull*, *loving neighbourhood*,
Whose *boast wit*, and *Chast discourse*
Make none (by hearing it) the *worse*,
But *innocent* and *merry* may
Help (without *Sin*) to spend the day.
Could now the *Tyrant-usurer*
Who *plots* to be a *Purchaser*
Of his poor neighbours *seat*, but taste
These *true delights*, ô with what haste
And hatred of his wayes would he
Renounce his *Jewish Cruelties*,
And those *Curs'd summes* which poor men borrow
On *use* to day, *remit* to morrow!

Ad fluvium Iſcam.

ISca *pavens florum, placido qui ſpumeus ore*
Lambis lapillos aureos,
Qui mœſtos hyacinthos, & picti ἀνθεα topbi
Mulces ſuſurris humidis,
Dumq; novas *pergunt* menſes *Conſumere* Lunas
Cœlumq; mortales *terit,*
Accumulas cum Sole *dies, ævumq; per omne*
Fidelis *Induras* latex,
O quis Inacceſſos & quali murmure lucos
Mutumq; *Solavis* nemus!
Per te diſcerpti credo Thracis *ire querelas*
Plectrumq; divini ſenis.

Venerabili viro, præceptori ſuo olim & ſemper Colendiſsimo M^o. Mathæo Herbert.

Quod vixi, Mathæe, *dedit* Pater, *hæc tamen olim*
Vita fluat, nec erit fas meminiſſe datam.
Ultrà Curâsti Solers, perituraq; mecum
Nomina poſt Cineres *das reſonare* meos.
Divide diſcipulum: brevis hæc & lubrica noſtri
Pars vertat Patri, *Poſthuma vita* tibi.

Præſtan-

Præſtantiſſimo viro, Thomæ Poëllo *in ſuum de Elementis opticæ libellum.*

VIvaces *oculorum* Ignes & lumina dia
Fixit in anguſto *maximus* orbe *Deus*,
Ille Explorantes radios *dedit*, & vaga luſtra
In quibus Intuitus *lexq; moduſq; latent*.
Hos tacitos Jactus, luſuſq; volubilis orbis
Pingis in Exiguo, *magne Poëlle*, libro,
Excurſuſq; ſituſq;, *ut* Lynceus opticus, *edis*
Quotq; modis tolluntur, *quotq; adhibenda* fides.
Æmula naturæ manus! & mens *conſcia cœli*!
Illa videre dedit, *veſtra videre* docet.

Ad Echum.

O *Quæ frondoſæ per amœna* Cubilia *ſylvæ*
Nympha volas, *lucoq;* lequax *ſpatiaris in alto*,
Annoſi numen *nemoris*, *ſaltuſq; verendi*
Effatum, *cui ſola placent* poſtrema *relatûs*!
Per te Narciſſi *mentientis verba*, *precesq;*
Per pueri Laſſatam animam, & Conamina *vitæ*
Ultima, *palantiſq;*, *precor* ſuſpiria *linguæ*.
Da quo ſecretæ hæc Incædua devia *ſylvæ*,
Anfractuſq; *loci dubios*, & luſtra *repandæ*.
Sic tibi perpetuâ (*meritoq;*) *hæc regna* Juventâ
Luxurient, *dabiturq;*, *tuis*, *ſinè fine*, viretis
Intactas *Lunæ* lachrymas, & *lambere* rorem
Virgineum, *cœliq;* animas *haurire tepentis*.
Nec cedant ævo ſtellis, *ſed* lucida *ſemper*
Et ſatiata ſacro *æterni* medicamine *veris*
Oſtendant longè vegetos, *ut Sydera*, vultus!
Sic ſpiret Muſcata Comas, & Cynnama *paſſim*!
Diffundat levis umbra, *in funere qualia ſpargit*
Phœnicis rogus *aut Pancheæ* nubila *flammæ*!

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